The Outlook

Volume 81 Saturday, October 28, 1905 Number 9

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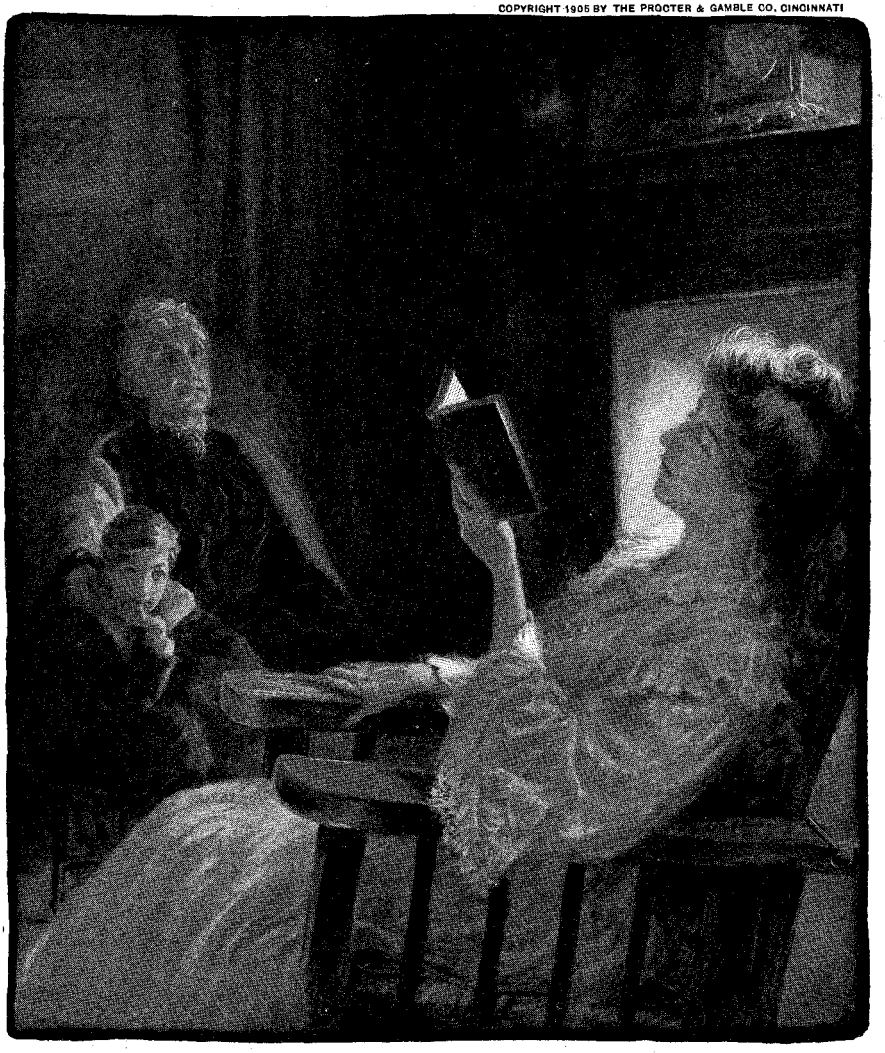

What is Ivory Soap?

It is *pure soap;* and nothing else. There is no rosin in it; no "free" alkali; no harmful ingredient of any kind.

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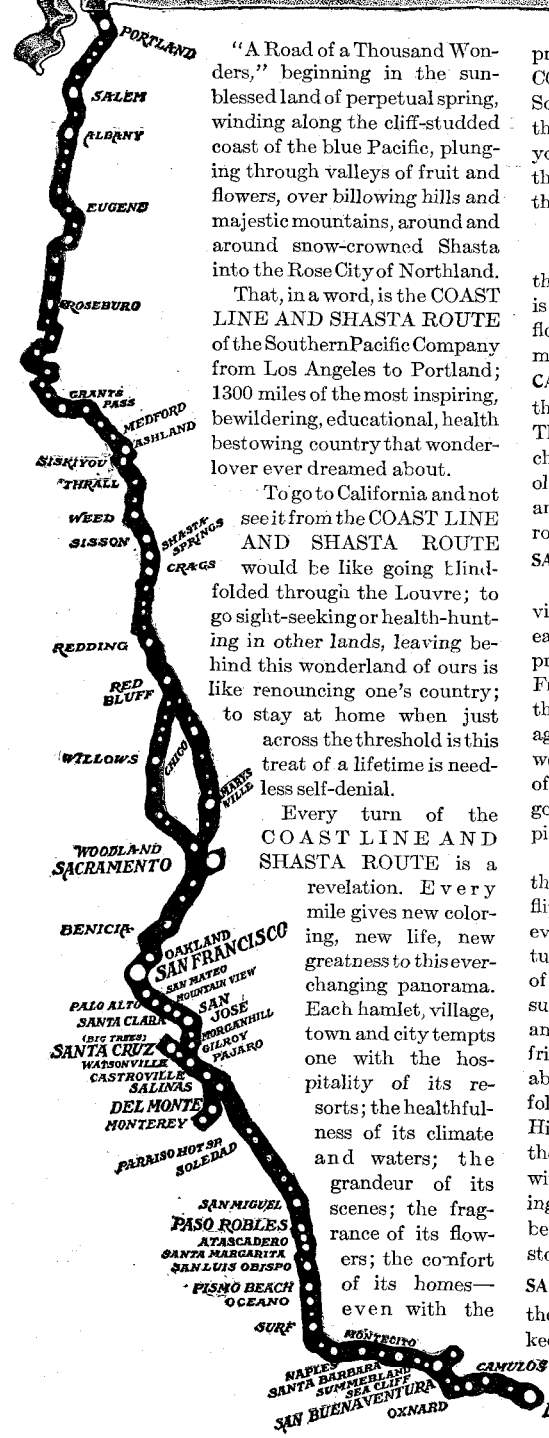
The Road of a Thousand Wonders



"A Road of a Thousand Wonders," beginning in the sun-blessed land of perpetual spring, winding along the cliff-studded coast of the blue Pacific, plunging through valleys of fruit and flowers, over billowing hills and majestic mountains, around and around snow-crowned Shasta into the Rose City of Northland.

That, in a word, is the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE of the Southern Pacific Company from Los Angeles to Portland; 1300 miles of the most inspiring, bewildering, educational, health bestowing country that wonder-lover ever dreamed about.

To go to California and not see it from the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE would be like going blindfolded through the Louvre; to go sight-seeking or health-hunting in other lands, leaving behind this wonderland of ours is like renouncing one's country; to stay at home when just across the threshold is this treat of a lifetime is needless self-denial.

Every turn of the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE is a revelation. Every mile gives new coloring, new life, new greatness to this ever-changing panorama. Each hamlet, village, town and city tempts one with the hospitality of its resorts; the healthfulness of its climate and waters; the grandeur of its scenes; the fragrance of its flowers; the comfort of its homes—even with the promise of fortune. But hurry on, for on the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE of the Southern Pacific Company are always greater things to be realized, and you must not stop until you reach the end, for even if you live as long as the world endures, you will never find another trip that equals "The Road of a Thousand Wonders."

A FEW OF THE THOUSAND

Leaving behind with many a regret, Los Angeles, the City of Angels, the country where every day is May-day, with its orange groves and garlands of flowers, its palm-bordered vistas, its seaside and mountains, the first stop should be

CAMULOS

the home of Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona." The old ranch house of adobe, the quaint old chapel, the Indian pestle and mortars, the stone olive presses of a hundred years ago, are all here amid oranges and lemons, walnut, olive and rose trees.

SAN BUENAVENTURA

Here is the first of many old Spanish missions you visit on the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE, each one charming you with its rare art treasures, priceless books, ancient robes of the Franciscan Friars, and sweet-toned bells on their rawhide thongs, ringing as they did over a hundred years ago. At San Buenaventura one could listen for a week to the lore of Father Grogan, but "The Road of a Thousand Wonders" calls you to see the most gorgeous series of marine and mountain masterpieces Nature ever painted.

For a century of miles and more the train threads the green-graced mountains within a stone flip of the ever-changing Pacific. Every curve, every bend of the roadway, displays another picture, until you are fairly spellbound with the glory of it all. In no other part of the world is there such a road as this—through miles of orchards and realms of flowers, beside a snow-white beach, fringed with its lacework of foam. Before, behind, above, below, to the right and left, each view enfolds its marvels as you speed along "The King's Highway" in fog-bank and sunshine; through the blue and the gray; past Point Concepcion with its guiding light to Point Arguello, winding into the depths like some great serpent with a beacon for an eye. In the meantime you have stopped at beautiful

SANTA BARBARA

the Capital of Content, where spring and summer keep house together the year round, and welcome you alike in December and July. Caressed on one

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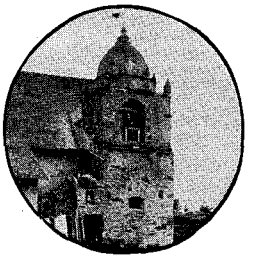
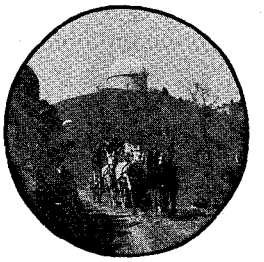
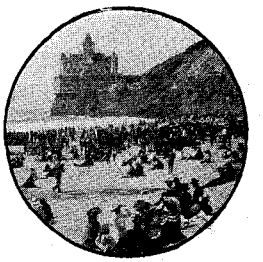
Midway Point, Monterey, California



San Carlos Mission, Carmel, California



Lick Observatory, Mt. Hamilton, California



Cliff House and Beach, San Francisco, California

side by the balmy Pacific, Santa Barbara may, indeed, be called the "Paradise of Sunshine."

The magnificent Hotel Potter; the never-tiring drives; the invigorating sea bathing; the awe of the mountains; the inspiration of the flowers; the fascination of fishing and catching something worth while; the charm of being carried back to another age in the Santa Barbara Mission, where sombre-robed friars welcome everyone as they did the hidalgos in days of yore, all this and more you find to hold you at Santa Barbara, but the train arrives and the itinerary says "all aboard" for

PISMO

This is a new resort where the never-silent waves have formed a 22-mile beach of indescribable beauty and planned the greatest bathing Mecca of future generations. Already a beautiful hotel has been completed, comfortable tents and cottages furnishing the luxury of home, while you revel in the waters and gather health on the cliff-protected sands. From Pismo it is but a step to

SAN LUIS OBISPO

where in 1772 the Christianizing Fathers wrought another link in their chain of Missions. Here also is the location of Fremont's earthworks, making San Luis Obispo, with all its other attractions, one of the important historical points in California.

From San Luis Obispo the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE of the Southern Pacific Company follows the path of the padres over the heights of the Santa Lucia Mountains through the country of pyramids, where nature rivals the work of the early Egyptians, and makes the traveler think he is in the province of Ghizeh. Mile upon mile of regal sights unfold until you finally descend to that famous resort of health.

PASO ROBLES HOT SPRINGS

where the park-surrounded hotel of the same name bids you welcome, while you are rejuvenated by the nature baths of hot sulphur water and soothing peat, where the Indians cured their ills centuries before the first pilgrimage of the paleface. Every page of Paso Robles Hot Springs' history teems with miracles wrought by these volcanic springs, now enshrined in a marble bathing palace, perfectly equipped for every medicinal bath known to science. Within driving distance of Paso Robles Hot Springs are also found the Mission of San Miguel, Morro Rock, Devil's Den, Chimney Rock, the Abalone Fisheries of Cayucos, and enough more for a year's enchantment, if you did not know that just ahead was that gem of all the world's resorts,

DEL MONTE

A playground which one can readily believe was once inhabited by the gods and fairies of mythology; a 126-acre park in which every clime has contributed her rarest specimens in the creation of a haven for the botanist, the nature lover, the health seeker, the golf lover, the polo player. Here, too, among many others, is that far-famed 17-mile drive —the road of things curious, weird and unbelievable—through historical Monterey, with all its landmarks of early California; through the cypress forest of mystic origin which sets you thinking of things supernatural; around the spray-washed cliffs and pebble-studded sands of Monterey Bay; back to the hallowed Mission of Carmel. Usually those who stop at Del Monte find it irresistible, and encore its attractions until the end of the play, but those who are to see a thousand wonders must leave it for the time, and journey on through the Pajaro Valley, that realm of verdure, that kaleidoscope of colors to

THE BIG TREES OF SANTA CRUZ

the oldest living things on earth to-day. Before the Big Trees of California you bow in silence. They are so much greater than anything you ever imagined, they are so far beyond anything with which you have to compare them that you are awe-stricken, your emotions are indescribable, you want to be alone to compass them with the mind, to believe that what you see is really true.

Without the big trees, Santa Cruz would be a wonder unto itself. It is a place beloved by all Californians, who have so many places well worth loving. From far and near they go to Santa Cruz to enjoy its amusement Casino, its beautiful beach and glorious bathing, its pleasure pier, its thrilling canyon drives, its abundant salmon fishing, and a hundred other allurements from which you will have to say farewell, if you ever expect to reach

SAN JOSE

in the Santa Clara Valley, that sea of blossoms, where six million trees in bloom make the cherry blossoms of Japan look like a pea patch. Here with

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The Golden Gate, San Francisco, California

Sutter's Fort, Sacramento, California

Fishing in Klamath River, California

Table Rock and Rogue River, Oregon

the Hotel Vendome as headquarters, you visit Alum Rock Park, Santa Clara with its relic-stored Mission, and that tomb among the clouds and near the stars—

THE LICK OBSERVATORY

Like a castle from the goblin book mother read, the Lick Observatory shines white and clear on the summit of Mt. Hamilton, from which you see the mosaic panorama of the Santa Clara Valley; the rugged peaks of the Santa Cruz Mountains; the Bay of San Francisco; the restless Pacific far beyond; the San Joaquin Valley and the snow-capped summits of the Sierra breaking through the clouds.

From San Jose to San Francisco the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE of the Southern Pacific Company is a myriad of surprises. At Mountain View you begin to see the great white clouds, lowering over the mountain tops thousands of feet above, like a prehistoric sea congealed in all its fury. Here and there a rugged peak breaking through, is gilded by the sun, forming a mirage of almost unearthly grandeur. And so the scene unfolds before you until the trainman brings you back to things material with the call of Palo Alto, the home of that great educational monument,

THE STANFORD UNIVERSITY

a work of love in which thirty millions of dollars have been devoted to completing the grandest temple of learning ever erected. The Moorish architecture of the early California Missions, the perfectly equipped buildings, each a college in itself, are alone worth hours of study. The Memorial Chapel, costing half a million of dollars, calls you back again and again to marvel at the mosaic covered walls, the memorial windows of stained glass, the altar of pure white Carrara, the pulpit of stone and priceless bronze lectern. The glory of the coloring as the golden sun gives startling life to all these masterpieces of the Old World, holds you spellbound and thoughtful, and when you finally step quietly away it is with the greatest reverence in the heart for those who have blessed the world with such an edifice.

SAN FRANCISCO

the gateway to the Orient, the key of commerce to come, the most fascinating metropolis of this or any other age, commands you to forget there is such a thing as time, and invites you to dwell within her gates, and see those sights which make of her the Naples, the Rome, the Paris, the Budapest, of America.

With the famous Palace Hotel or the luxurious St. Francis as a centre, a different trip can be taken every day in the year and some of the nights, in seeing the Golden Gate with its tropical park conjured from the sands by the magic of money, love and art; the Presidio, where Uncle Sam guards the harbor; Alcatraz Island, the military prison of the Pacific; Fort Winfield Scott; Fort Mason; the Navy Yard on Mare Island; the Cliff House, Seal Rocks and Sutro Heights, not forgetting Chinatown with all its mystery and superstition.

All these things and many others you must surely see at San Francisco, leaving for the grand finale, Mt. Tamalpais, the Gibraltar of Cloudland, reached by the crookedest railroad in the world. From this eminence the eye can see on a clear day the Sierras, a hundred and fifty miles away, while below the fog-clouds are rolling in from the endless Pacific, over and over the lower mountain ridges, like a thousand Niagaras poured into one—a fitting memory to carry with you toward the land of precious dust and nuggets.

From San Francisco the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE of the Southern Pacific Company carries you directly northward through the picturesque Sacramento Valley, that fertile plain between the Sierra Nevada Mountains and the great Coast Range. Riding to the rhythm of the plunging, swirling, rippling Sacramento River, one marvels no longer at the fortunes of California, for where the earth does not yield wealth in metal it does in agriculture. Here are produced the oranges New York eats at Christmas; here is grown the bulk of California's deciduous fruits; here is the stage on which was played the first drama of '49.

SACRAMENTO

To those who love the history of their land, the capital of California is an inexhaustible archive, a city of landmarks, the most important of which is the Fort of General Sutter, the place to which John Marshall brought the news of the first discovery of gold. Sutter Fort is now a veritable museum of the days of '49, containing Marshall's original mining tools, the bullet-scarred stage and

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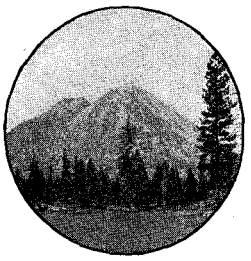
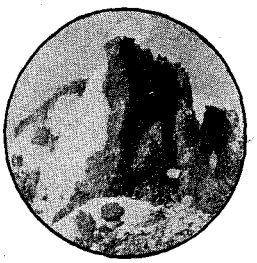
THE ROAD OF A THOUSAND WONDERS

Sacramento Canyon, California



Black Buttes, California

Climbing Mt. Shasta, California



Summit of Mt. Shasta, California

prairie schooner, all reminiscent of the time when the land was in the throes of the gold lust.

The Crocker Art Gallery of the capital city adds an extra attraction for lovers of rare old art, its walls being covered with the finest collection of Dutch and Flemish treasures in America.

North from Sacramento this wonderful road of the Southern Pacific Company lies through a Garden of Eden. Every town holds something of interest —Yuba City, Marysville, Chico, Vina, Red Bluff, Redding, all extending an inviting hand to the sight-seeker, the hunter, the fisherman, the investor. At

CHICO

Uncle Sam has established his plant Production Station, where marvelous experiments are carried on the year round in the culture of flowers, fruits, nuts and vegetables for the benefit of mankind.

From Redding, the equal of Los Angeles in perennial temperature, all eyes are ever turned in one direction, for this is the region of Shasta, that kingly mountain which bids you welcome a hundred miles away.

Up and up you go, through the beautiful canyon of the Sacramento, winding, turning, twisting, tunneling with every caprice of the gold-laden river, parallel with rugged crags, peaks and tablelands, until the eyes shut in sheer bewilderment to open in amazement at the most eerie of all queer rock formations, the Crags. Cold and gray and impregnable, they stand 4,000 feet high, a splintered heap, serrated like the fangs of some great mastodon, guarding the lake behind it, where floats an army of ravenous, silvery trout. Next on the time table is that superlative of all mountain resorts,

SHASTA SPRINGS

situated on a sun-caressed plateau, amid an endless succession of mountains, forests, streams, cascades, wonderful waterfalls and mineral springs—the fount of Shasta water, that sparkling, bubbling, snapping drink of health, syphoned in all its purity from the heart of Shasta.

Over the mountains and under the mountains, too, you go to Sisson, nestled at the very foot of Mt. Shasta, almost within the cooling breath of its snow-filled chasms. Here the traveler stops, and from the plaza of that famous inn of California's history, Sisson's Tavern, now modernized into a charming resort hotel, worships this white-crowned monarch of the mountains, this glacier-capped rival of the Matterhorn—Mt. Shasta—14,444 feet above the sea. At Sisson is also found the U. S. fisheries, where you can learn more about the habits of game fish in five minutes than you can on the side of a brook in five years. Hard luck fishermen are always welcome.

Leaving Sisson really seems like bidding goodbye to civilization. Dashing into the wilds of the Siskiyou Range, around and around Mt. Shasta, seeing it from every point of view, with the Crags and Black Buttes rivaling each other for second place, you enter a region where railroad engineering reaches the climax of its daring. Clinging to the very sides of many a precipice, over dizzy heights, doubling, turning, looping, skirting this cliff and that, creeping along the canyon edge, but ever climbing until the summit is reached at Siskiyou, the hunting grounds of the old-time tribes, where the game still trails in wait for the white man. Here is the domain of the hunter, where deer and bear, geese, ducks, snipe and pheasants can be had within gunshot of the track, where five deer a day to a man is the liberal limit of the law because they are so plentiful; where the rivers and mountain streams are crowded with salmon and trout that know not the meaning of the rod's reflection. And so it continues every mile of the way past Pilot Rock, where shone the signal fires of the gathering tribes; past the placer mines, where fortunes are being washed from the gulch sides, until the Willamette Valley spreads out before you to the very threshold of that Pearl of the Pacific—the City of Roses.

PORTLAND

A city that exemplifies the true American spirit; that challenges anyone to find another environment of such beautiful rivers, lofty mountains, placid lakes, and silent forests; that represents the end or beginning, as you wish, of "The Road of a Thousand Wonders," the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE of the Southern Pacific Company.

For those who contemplate California, and are further interested in the way of seeing it to the best advantage, a beautifully illustrated book is now in press. It will be mailed complimentary to all making application to Chas. S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Company, 913 Merchants' Exchange, San Francisco, California, who will also answer every question regarding time, cost, itinerary and trains.

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1905

The Struggle for Liberty in New York

Although Mr. Jerome is a candidate for an office covering only two out of the five boroughs of New York City, he is by far the most conspicuous figure in the whole city campaign. He is thus conspicuous because he has become in the most exact sense the embodiment of a political principle. Two weeks ago it seemed as if Tammany Hall were to have an easy victory. But the "turning down" of Mr. Jerome by the bosses of all the parties has roused in the people of New York a spirit of independence which is as perilous to Tammany Hall as frost is to yellow fever. Charles F. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall, and successor of the notorious Croker, has heretofore been regarded as an astute politician, but he has been guilty of the egregious folly of raising an issue of veracity between himself and Mr. Jerome. As this issue directly involved Mr. Jerome's statements that he would under no conditions pledge himself to any political machine, it has given Mr. Jerome an opportunity to repeat in picturesque form his declaration of independence of boss rule. Four years ago Mr. Jerome conducted what was called a "whirlwind campaign." Now that he is a candidate again, he is starting a storm that may turn into a tornado. The four years in the District Attorney's office, however, have left their impress on him. Just as vigorous, sincere, outspoken, and masculine as ever, he is mellower. With genuine eloquence he has told of the nerve-racking, heart-straining labor of facing, and trying by the administration of justice to relieve, the distress and misery that accompany crime. But, whatever he speaks of, he comes back again and again to that fundamental issue between the people and the bosses. The secret of Mr. Jerome's strength does not lie merely in his bravery. He stands without flinching against all the political machinery existing in the great city of New York; and the bravery that enables him to do that rouses, of course, admiration. But there are thousands who have never seen Mr. Jerome who feel for him the sort of affection which some military commanders have won from their soldiers. And the source of this affection is to be found, if anywhere, in that honest idealism which has thrust him as a lone challenger before the army of graft and greed. It stirs men's minds to find a man who has lived in the midst of crime and sordid vice, and has engaged in the work of a most trying and exhausting political office, shouting these words of defiance to the materialists: "They tell me that I am not practical—that you must be practical. Aye, that is it—ever practical, practical, practical; that is what the insurance men were. They were practical. I am not practical; I never will be practical in that sense. If I cannot live clean, then I don't want to live at all."

❀

The New York Campaign on Public Utilities

Mr. Ivins, the Republican candidate for the Mayoralty in New York, has, as well as Mr. Jerome, issued a declaration of independence. Besides declaring that he would be no man's boss and no boss's man, he has said explicitly that he intended "to ask no financial aid from the Republican party, to accept none, and to ask no financial help of an individual." There is ground for believing that a close relation exists between the independent attitude of Mr. Ivins and the alleged attempt of the Republican machine to get votes for the Assembly candidates at the expense of Mr. Ivins's candidacy. Besides thus defying Republican bosses, Mr. Ivins has startled eminently respectable Republican voters by his frank avowal

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of belief in the principle of municipal ownership and operation. There is, therefore, now no candidate for the Mayoralty who opposes this principle. The method, however, by which the principle should be put into practice does afford an issue between the candidates. Mr. Ivins regards the proposals of Mr. Hearst, the candidate of the Municipal Ownership League, as equivalent to threats of confiscation. And the platform of Tammany Hall he regards as the insincere utterance of a corrupt organization which desires only the power of disposing of $800,000,000 worth of franchises. Mayor McClellan has been put upon the defensive. His campaign so far has consisted in an explanation of his administration. The Mayor's own speeches in explanation have been dignified and persuasive. But it seems hardly possible that even he can satisfy those voters who want to know why he has been willing to tolerate as heads of departments such men as Oakley, Pallas (who lately died), Best, and Featherson. The rumor that Mayor McClellan is really a candidate for a term of one year, instead of four (that he might become a candidate for Governor next year), and that the real candidate for Mayor is Mr. McGowan, who is the Tammany nominee for the Presidency of the Board of Aldermen, has been confirmed by a public statement made from Tammany Hall. The chairman of a Tammany campaign meeting introduced Mr. McGowan as the man "who will be Mayor of New York for the three years that McClellan will be Governor." Unless Mr. McClellan pledges himself to serve out his term, the people of New York will have no one to blame if, after voting for McClellan, they find a McGowan on their hands, or rather over their heads.

❀

Resistance to Servitude in Maryland

The attempt of the Gorman ring to foist upon the people of Maryland a species of despotism has met with an opposition by no means confined to one party. Governor Warfield has from the first been opposed to the effort of one faction in his party to get the power by Constitutional amendment of saying who shall and who shall not vote. This amendment, to which we refer on another page in this issue, and which we have described more at length in The Outlook of July 15 last, gives power to the officers of registration to decide what applicants for registration understand the Constitution sufficiently well to have the franchise. Now Senator Isidor Rayner has issued a statement vigorously assailing the proposed amendment. He declares that it will establish a system by which "registers of voters, overwhelmingly illiterate as a rule, who have never read a line of the Constitution, and could not comprehend it if they did, have the right to take away the suffrages of citizens because they cannot answer questions which the registers themselves can neither understand nor answer." He continues:

> What I want to demonstrate is that this amendment, framed and written as it is, has never yet been fairly presented to the democracy of Maryland, and now is the time to discuss it, and that man does not live who can seal my lips upon the subject. . . . This amendment, placing the election machinery in the hands of a political cabal, means death—political death—to every rising man in Maryland. . . . It makes a man who desires to enter the public service a mendicant at the doors of political managers. . . . It places in the hands of our political rulers the right to enfranchise whoever will bow his body or bend his neck to their authority, and to disfranchise those who question and challenge their right to dominate our destinies.

This utterance is in accordance with the views expressed by another Democratic leader of the State, Attorney-General Bryan. He has for some time been known to oppose the amendment in its present form. Only last week he expressed himself in favor of a suffrage amendment which would not only avoid the iniquity which Senator Rayner denounces, but would permit taxpaying and educated negroes to vote. Mr. Bryan thus openly braves the bogy of negro domination with which Senator Gorman has tried to scare the people. Under the leadership of such men as Governor Warfield, Senator Rayner, Secretary Bonaparte, and Attorney-General Bryan, the voters in November should make short shrift of this attempt, in Senator Rayner's phrase, "to perpet-

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uate the waning fortunes of a political dynasty that proposes to make thralls and serfs of the sons of Maryland."

❀

The President and the South

The President is using the opportunities afforded by his journey in the South to take the people into his confidence and tell them precisely what he thinks on the subjects which he considers most important in the National life of the day. The feeling toward him in the South has been changing for months past, and the attitude of representative Southern men has had widespread influence on many who have misunderstood the President's position and misinterpreted his motives. There has been no man of more distinctly National temper and spirit in the White House in many years than Mr. Roosevelt. He has repeatedly, during this trip, emphasized his Southern ancestry and affiliations. It was assumed by many honest people in the South, and spread abroad for political capital by many dishonest men, at the time of the Booker Washington incident, that the President had chosen deliberately to affront its feeling on the race question, and that he had made one or two appointments for the express purpose of showing contempt for Southern opinion. The South has now learned that in this incident and in others of the same kind Mr. Roosevelt was simply loyal to the principle that in this country every man must have a fair chance, or, as he has expressed it so many times, "a square deal." As he has stood for the black man whenever he thought that his rights were in danger, so the South has come to see that he will stand for the white man. From the beginning of his Presidency his whole attitude toward the South has been one of chivalrous recognition of the best qualities and the noblest men of that section; and his speeches in Richmond and Atlanta were only a more extended statement of his attitude, and the attitude of the North as a whole, on matters which were once subject to the bitterest contention. He recalled the fact that at the unveiling of the statue of a Northern General under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic the audience cheered every allusion to the devotion and courage of the men who followed Lee, as heartily as they cheered every allusion to the devotion and courage of the men who followed Grant; he said that the magnificent courage shown by the South during the war has been shown for forty years since the war, and that her success could have been secured only by a heroic people; that the South stands loyally by its traditions and memories, and loyally by the great country of to-day and the common flag; that Lee and Stonewall Jackson belong as much to the North as to the South. The President has restated facts of accomplished history, but it is a great advantage to have them put with such characteristic force by the chief magistrate of the country. Sectionalism has been the greatest enemy the South has had. It has limited the outlook of its public men, circumscribed their influence, and robbed them of the authority which they ought to have gained as the representatives of the Nation. Its disappearance from Southern politics will mean an immense gain of influence for the South in the councils of the Nation.

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The President's Speech at Raleigh

President Roosevelt's speech at Raleigh dealt with the problems of forestry and of railway rate regulation. Concerning the first, Mr. Roosevelt called attention to a prime difference between civilized and uncivilized peoples. Among civilized peoples each generation works not only for its own well-being, but for the well-being of generations yet unborn. If we permit the natural resources of our land to be destroyed, so that we hand over to our children a heritage diminished in value, we thereby prove our unfitness to stand in the forefront of civilized peoples. One of the greatest of these heritages is our forest wealth:

> It is the upper altitudes of the forested mountains that are most valuable to the Nation, as a whole, especially because of their effects upon the water supply. Neither State nor Nation can afford to turn these mountains over to the unrestrained greed of those who would exploit them at the expense of the future. We cannot afford to wait

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longer before assuming control, in the interest of the public, of these forests; for if we do wait, the vested interest of private parties in them may become so strongly intrenched that it may be a most serious as well as a most expensive task to oust them. If the Eastern States are wise, then from the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf we will see, within the next few years, a policy set on foot similar to that so fortunately carried out in the high Sierras of the West by the National Government. All the higher Appalachians should be reserved, either by the States or by the Nation.

The President does wisely to call the attention of North Carolinians and of Southerners generally to the value of an Appalachian forest reserve. It would secure the best permanent development of a region of great but undeveloped commercial and economic importance. The application of the possibilities for the utilization of water-power in that region has only just begun. As water-power depends upon constancy of flow, and this in turn upon the maintenance of the forest cover on the mountain slopes, the necessity for the preservation of that cover is evident. Moreover, as the Appalachian region receives an unusually heavy rainfall, the danger from floods must be minimized. The greatest single resource of the region is its timber; it contains the largest and most valuable hardwood forest in the United States. Instead of present methods of lumbering, the scientific methods of the Forest Service should be substituted, if this unique forest is to be preserved, properly lumbered, and perpetuated.

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Railway Rate Regulation

The hearing last week by the Inter-State Commerce Commission of railway traffic managers and shippers regarding the monopoly exercised by private car companies gave special point to the second feature of President Roosevelt's Raleigh address. From the mass of evidence taken, the urgent need is apparent for legislation by Congress to put private car and terminal companies under the direct supervision of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, so that it may have—in Mr. Roosevelt's terse phrase—"a real and not a sham control." But the President would also grant a far greater power to the Commission, or to some administrative body which is to exercise Governmental supervision:

> In my judgment, the most important thing to do is to give to this administrative body power to make its findings effective; and this can be done only by giving it power, when complaint is made of a given rate as being unjust or unreasonable, if it finds the complaint proper, then itself to fix a maximum rate which it regards as just and reasonable, this rate to go into effect practically at once—that is, within a reasonable time—and to stay in effect, unless reversed by the courts.

It will be noted that Mr. Roosevelt uses the words "maximum rate;" he does not speak of a positive and unalterable rate. He would also grant a third power to the Commission. It should have a power of inspection similar to that exercised by the National bank examiners in our National banking system:

> I hope that by law power will be conferred upon representatives of the Government, capable of performing the duty of public accountants, carefully to examine into the books of railroads when so ordered by the Inter-State Commerce Commission, which should itself have power to prescribe what books, and what books only, should be kept by railroads. If there is in the minds of the Commission any suspicion that a certain railroad is in any shape or way giving rebates or behaving improperly, I wish the Commission to have power, as a matter of right, not as a matter of favor, to make a full and exhaustive investigation of the receipts and expenditures of the railroad, so that any violation or evasion of the law may be detected.

Whatever Congress may do in regard to granting the second of these powers, there is, we are glad to say, a favorable sentiment in the minds of many members of that body towards granting the others.

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The Lake Mohonk Indian Conference

There was never a more vigorous expression of the way the Indian is to find his place in modern civilization than at the recent Indian Conference. It is the old way, by labor and by prayer, by the development of his ability to support himself physically and to rise to a higher plane morally; but a new emphasis was placed on the methods. The Government is doing its share, expending nine millions of dollars

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a year, including tribal moneys in its keeping, for the care and education of less than three hundred thousand Indians. The various States where Indians are found are reasonably liberal in doing their part. The churches might well do more in the way of aiding these struggling tribes to attain higher character. Much may yet be done to aid the Indian further in his efforts at self-help. Some advocated the entire distribution of the tribal funds, leaving the Indians to learn the value of money by using it, which in many cases would inevitably mean losing it. Others would have educational funds held in reserve. As to the evils of intemperance, one of the gravest obstacles in the way of civilization among Indians as well as everywhere else, there was a unanimous conviction that these people must be shielded, and that, especially in the Indian Territory, such measures as have already been adopted for the maintenance of temperance should be continued. Given all these helps, the Indian must learn to stand alone, as must every other citizen. This was the expressed conviction of his best friends and most active helpers.

❀

The Hawaiian Islands As the Mohonk Conference now includes other races besides the Indians, the condition of the inhabitants of Hawaii came into consideration at the last gathering. Perhaps no person who spoke on the subject was more absolutely free, with the freedom of the calm, scientific man, than Professor Hitchcock, of Dartmouth College. Several extended visits to those islands have given him an opportunity to learn much with reference to them, and the fact that his interests were primarily with geology and things under the ground did not prevent his caring for what was going on above the surface of the earth. Taking into consideration the fact that at least ten nationalities are living together there and that every male child born on the islands may become a legal voter, he looks forward to the lapse of but one generation to the time when, with suitable education to prepare them for it, the various hard questions will right themselves, and when that beautiful Hawaiian Territory, which is most favorably situated to be an arena upon which may be tried the experiment of a country governed by citizens of all nationalities, shall show the fruits of peace and good government. "The present dominating influences are benign; the existing conditions of local government will not be revolutionary; and hence a commendable administration of affairs may be continued indefinitely."

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The Philippines Several strong papers on the Philippines from men thoroughly familiar with the subject, like Professor Jenks, Mr. Le Roy, Mr. R. L. O'Brien, and others, set forth the obstacles still to be encountered and the spirit in which to meet them, showing at the same time how much progress has been made in the solution of many difficult problems. According to the testimony of those who have been on the ground, the greatest development has been in the line of education, with six hundred thousand pupils in school, and a third as many more clamoring to enter. More than a hundred Filipino young men and women are at school or in college in the United States, some working their own way, though most of them are supported by the home government. These are not chosen from the centers, but the forty-one different provinces have representatives in our schools. As the Philippines receive no financial support from the United States, save for the expense of the army, it has thus far been impossible to provide sufficient educational facilities for all of school age. A million and more youth are not only eager for book-learning, but they should have manual training along with it. The need is recognized, and in time provision must be made by public or private means to give this training, which will do more than anything else to develop a self-helpful nation. It will be harder to overcome the unsympathetic attitude and the race prejudice which many Americans exhibit; yet no substantial groundwork for harmony can exist without an appreciation of the abilities and the good qualities of

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the governed as well as of those who hold the reins of government.

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Progress of the Insurance Investigation

The examination of officers of the Mutual Life Insurance Company occupied the sessions of the Legislative Investigating Committee last week. Further details were elicited as to the expenditures of the company for legal services and legislative purposes, and information was obtained concerning the relations of the Mutual to subsidiary companies, syndicate transactions, and large expenditures for traveling expenses by the general manager of the company. All efforts to learn anything of the whereabouts of Mr. A. C. Fields, who is nominally the superintendent of the Mutual's supply department, but actually its legislative supervisor, were unavailing. Mr. Fields is supposed to have gone to California some time ago for his health, but no one connected with the Mutual seems to know anything about his movements. William M. Carpenter, an assistant of Mr. Fields in the supply department, testified that for the past ten years the Mutual had maintained a house at Albany, which was occupied by Mr. Fields and himself. The maintenance of the house is charged to legal expenses. The interesting revelation was made by Mr. Carpenter that in 1903 Senator Charles P. McClelland lived at the house, and, as far as he knew, contributed nothing to the expense of its maintenance. At another time, just when he was not sure, Senator William J. Graney also lived at the house. Both of these men were members of the Insurance Committee of the Senate. It was shown through other witnesses that a payment of over nine hundred dollars, charged to "law expenses," was made on a voucher signed "George Plunkett." This was said to be the same George Plunkett who is a clerk in the office of L. W. Lawrence, the stationer from whom the Mutual Company buys most of its supplies. Mr. Plunkett, however, denied that the signature on the voucher was his. Another payment of nearly seventeen hundred dollars on account of "legal services" was made to Edgar Rogers, another clerk in the Lawrence establishment, but Mr. Rogers was unable to recall from whom he received the money or what he did with it, or what occasion there was for money to be paid out in behalf of services for the Mutual. He only knew that his signature was on the voucher. From the testimony of the President, Mr. McCurdy, it appeared that the Mutual is interested in a dozen subsidiary companies, and that Mr. McCurdy also holds stock in each of them. In the case of the Morristown Trust Company the Mutual Life has carried with the company an average deposit of two hundred thousand dollars for the past seven years. On this deposit the company received two per cent. interest, although the other depositors in the trust company, among them Mr. McCurdy himself, were receiving three per cent. Mr. McCurdy submitted a list of syndicate transactions in which he and the Mutual Life had both been interested. His profits from these transactions amount to nearly twenty-five thousand dollars, but he denied that there was anything improper in his participation in the transactions.

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Mr. McCurdy as a Witness

A great deal of time was spent by Mr. Hughes in trying to get from Mr. McCurdy some facts in regard to the dividends paid to policy-holders by the company, and some expression of opinion concerning them. A number of letters have been received by the Committee from policy-holders showing that dividends have been steadily decreasing during recent years. In spite of the utmost efforts of Mr. Hughes and the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. McCurdy absolutely declined to discuss the matter of these dividends, to give any explanation for the decrease, or to express any opinion as to whether it was proper for the salaries of the officers of the company to be steadily raised while the dividends of the policy-holders were as steadily being lowered. His plea was that the actuary of the company was the proper person to discuss these subjects, and that he refused to be drawn into a "wilderness of questioning and

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cross-examination on such complicated matters." Mr. McCurdy's attitude each time that he has been before the Committee has been that of a man who considers the whole investigation an impertinence. He has criticised the methods of the Committee, has declined to give them information which they desired, and professed an extraordinary ignorance of important matters in connection with the management of his company. One of two conclusions is inevitable from his testimony, reported *verbatim et literatim* in the press: either he has been content to be the nominal head of his company, leaving its administration to others and occupying himself merely with his own financial profits and interests derived from his official position, or he has been the active administrator and controller of the company in all its financial management, the details of which he desires to conceal from his policy-holders and the general public. Either conclusion puts him in a very unenviable position.

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A New System Proposed for City Elections

Mayor Sweet, of Grand Rapids, will this winter ask the League of Michigan Municipalities to indorse a new system for municipal elections, which promises an absolute innovation startling in its prospects for far-reaching effects. He proposes a system under which the baneful influence of politics in the selection of municipal officials will, he hopes, be entirely stamped out. "I fail to see," he argues, "why differing opinions regarding the tariff or the currency should divide citizens on the proper direction of parks and libraries. Political parties may be necessary in the State and Nation. But they are an ever-increasing danger to the proper direction of municipal affairs." The Mayor is himself a Democrat, elected in a Republican city by a majority of six hundred. He has disregarded party ties, and appointed far more Republicans than men of his own party faith. So pronounced has his non-partisanism been that the old-line Democrats are already talking of defeating him for the party nomination next spring because he is a "Republican Mayor." Having thus demonstrated his good faith, Mr. Sweet proceeds to outline a unique plan for the non-partisan selection of municipal directorates. He proposes that all candidates shall be nominated by petitions, signed by a fixed percentage of the qualified electors. These petitions shall be filed with the City Clerk within a specified time-limit prior to the general election. There shall be no preliminary try-out in the way of party conventions or party primaries; but every man shall come direct to the general election without having been forced to secure a party nomination. All names of candidates for any one office shall appear in a single column on the city ticket. There shall be no sign to designate National political faith. The familiar emblems of the old parties will be missing. Every man will stand on his own merits. "Nowadays," argues the non-partisan reformer, "the busy American voter steps into his booth, and in nine cases out of ten is satisfied with a mark at the head of his party ticket, regardless of the individual worth of the candidates themselves. If there were no party lines on the ballot and no grouping of candidates, the voter would be forced to weigh the qualifications of the individual men for every office. He could not vote with a single cross. He would be forced to register crosses for every office voted for." The plan thus coming from Michigan will be received with interest by students of political economy. It proposes an innovation which violently upsets political traditions, but the country is coming into a mood to consider novel propositions on their merit.

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Indictments in Milwaukee

Milwaukee has been experiencing a thorough investigation of graft in its various forms. Its Grand Jury has found several hundreds of indictments involving various forms of bribery, mostly petty. So long as only comparatively obscure men were involved, but little public attention outside of Milwaukee was given to the matter; but when the Republican boss, a capitalist of large means, was involved, the investigation excited interest throughout the Nation,

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and attention was directed to the effective work which thus far has been done in routing out those who had been selling their votes and influence to the highest bidders.

> So long as the knowledge of the shortcomings and rascalities was confined to the citizens of Milwaukee, there was not much discontent; it was thought to be rather a good thing to have such a house-cleaning; but when Mr. Pfister, a millionaire, and a man well known in business and political circles throughout the country, became involved, the papers gave columns of space and used big black headings, and the Milwaukee correspondents made the most of their harvest by sending out floods of sensational trash which gave Milwaukee a black eye.

This quotation is from a leading Wisconsin paper, which followed up this statement of the situation with the suggestion that Milwaukee has a remedy that will bring her back her good name. The extraordinary remedy suggested is the following:

> In the first place, the press of the city should cease to make so great a display over the work of the Grand Jury; be willing to let the Court settle matters, and then take the correspondents of outside papers or such of them as are employed on Milwaukee papers in hand and show them that yellow stories sent to their papers are hurting the city.

Not one word is said about the city purging itself of its dishonest city officials, or about clearing the good name of Milwaukee through a revival of civic righteousness. Suppression is the sole remedy for the evil, according to the "Daily Bulletin" of Fond du Lac. Fortunately, the affairs of Milwaukee are in the hands of men who see further and more clearly. These men, under the leadership of the Committee of Ten, appreciate that the best way to clear Milwaukee's name is to punish political evil-doers and to prevent a re-election of the same kind of men in the future.

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Venezuelan Complications

French interests have recently suffered by the cancellation of a contract between Venezuela and a French cable company. American interests have suffered by the violent seizure of the property of the New York and Bermudez Company, a subsidiary company of the General Asphalt Company, by the Venezuelan Government, this latter confiscation now having been sanctioned by the highest Venezuelan court. It is believed that France would like to enlist the sympathy and services of the American Government in a joint undertaking to coerce the Venezuelan Government into referring to arbitration these two grounds of complaint. President Roosevelt recently appointed Judge W. J. Calhoun a Special Commissioner to go to Venezuela and investigate the situation there. The Commissioner returned to America last week. Pending the publication of his report, it would be wise for those less well informed to withhold their own judgment as to the merits of the case, which has become further complicated by the testimony last week of General Greene and Mr. Barber that the American asphalt interests contributed large sums in 1901 to the Matos conspiracy against the Castro administration. These facts will hardly predispose our Government to discredit the highest Venezuelan tribunal, or President Castro, acting as dictator, to annul its decree. What Government would allow foreign concessionaires to foment civil war? Meanwhile, if we may judge from the despatch of armored cruisers to the French Antilles, France may resort to an independent naval demonstration in Venezuelan waters. Some time ago America acquiesced in a demonstration made against Venezuelan seaports by England, Germany, and Italy to obtain reparation for injuries and payment of debts arising out of contract. America and other Powers also had debts against Venezuela. Largely through our good offices, the affair was settled by an agreement on Venezuela's part to assign part of the net customs receipts of two ports to the liquidation of the debts to the Powers. The question arose, however, whether England, Germany, and Italy, having undertaken to collect their debts by force, should not, in the distribution of the customs revenues, be preferred over the other creditor Powers which had refrained from resorting to such a process. The Powers referred the question to the Hague Court. The decision was in favor of England, Germany, and Italy,

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on the ground of an established protocol. This decision, therefore, despite appearances, does not establish the rule that nations which use force in obtaining reparation for injuries and especially in collecting international debts are necessarily preferred creditors.

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The Treaty of Portsmouth

Last week publicity was given to the formal but none the less hearty expressions of thanks from the Emperors of Russia and Japan to President Roosevelt for his efforts to end the late war. The Czar's message is contained in the following instructions to Baron Rosen:

> The Russian Ambassador is ordered to express to the President, in the name of the Emperor, the feelings of sincere satisfaction experienced by his Imperial Majesty at the re-establishment of peace for the good of all peoples and their further prosperity. At this historical hour his august Sovereign cannot but recollect with a sincere pleasure the efforts put forward by the President in order to co-operate in the attainment of that great result. These efforts have been the more highly appreciated as they entirely responded to the sentiments of friendship and regard which animate his Imperial Majesty toward the President personally and toward the American people.

The text of the despatch from the Mikado is as follows:

> The formalities necessary to bring the Treaty of Portsmouth into full force and vigor having been accomplished, and peace having been definitely re-established between Japan and Russia, I desire again to express to you my very high appreciation of your distinguished and important services in the cause of peace, and also to thank you most sincerely for the gracious hospitality to my plenipotentiaries, by which they were enabled to perform their important labors under the most favorable auspices.
>
> MUTSUHITO.

Both Emperors also issued Imperial manifestoes proclaiming the peace treaty to their peoples. The Czar speaks of the Japanese as "a brave and mighty enemy." The Mikado declares that "Russia is again the friend of Japan, and we sincerely desire that the relations of good neighborhood, now re-established, shall become both cordial and intimate." The full text of the treaty, now published for the first time, makes two features more emphatic than did the abstract printed a month ago at the conclusion of the Portsmouth Conference. The first feature regards Korea; the second, Manchuria. As to Korea, Russia recognizes not only Japan's "preponderant" interests, but her "paramount" interests therein, thus using the same word as in the new Anglo-Japanese treaty. Probably Baron Komura, who, it is believed, exercised the greatest single influence in the framing of both treaties, recognized the value of "paramount" as contrasted with "preponderant." As to Manchuria, the signatories agree not only to evacuate the province, but also "to restore entirely and completely to the exclusive administration of China all the portions of Manchuria now in occupation or under the control of the Japanese or Russian troops, with the exception of the territory affected by the lease of the Liaotung peninsula."

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The Russian Army

Last week the Czar degraded his first cousin, the Grand Duke Cyril, from the army, stripped him of his titles, and banished him from Russia. These humiliations were visited upon the Prince because he had contracted a marriage with his first cousin, the divorced wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse, in defiance of the Czar's prohibition. Owing to the severity of his son's punishment, the Grand Duke Vladimir resigned the important military position which he has long held, that of Commander of the St. Petersburg District. So great has been the Grand Duke's influence that he has generally been regarded as the real head of the Russian army. The resignation was promptly accepted, and General Gripenberg was appointed to the position. Since last June General Gripenberg has been Inspector-General of Infantry. In December, 1904, he went to Manchuria to take command of the Second Army, and later was badly beaten in the attempt to capture Sandepas, losing about ten thousand men. This resulted in a dispute between him and General Kuropatkin, then Commander-in-Chief. The defeated officer accused his superior of having caused the disaster. General Gripenberg then resigned and returned to Russia. A more interesting an-

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nouncement concerning the Russian army is that of the draft of a homesteading law, which the Ministries of the Interior and of Agriculture have now worked out. Under the proposed measure officers and soldiers are entitled within two years to pre-empt on all unoccupied lands in Siberia farms ranging from a hundred and thirty-five acres, with a bonus of fifty dollars, for enlisted men, up to, for the higher officers, a thousand acres and a loan of from two hundred and fifty dollars to twenty-five hundred dollars and exemption from taxes for five years. The proposed law ought to be beneficial in several directions. First of all, it should favorably affect certain Siberian regions now practically valueless on account of the lack of communication. Secondly, it should act as a reward to veterans of the war; and, thirdly and chiefly, it should tend to distribute Russian population and to keep in the Far East certain sturdy and energetic officers and soldiers who might add to the prevailing discontent at home.

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Labor Unrest in Russia

During the past week that discontent was increased by the continuance of the various strikes in St. Petersburg and Moscow. The disorder in the two cities has also given impetus to the new wave of unrest sweeping over the country, if we may judge from the reports of strikes at Warsaw, Kiev, Kharkov, Saratov, and Kasan, marking a line of trouble across Russia from east to west. At St. Petersburg there were bloody encounters between the strikers and the troops, particularly in the industrial quarter along the Neva River, where are the Russo-American Rubber Works, the Putilov Iron Works, and other large establishments. Cossacks and gendarmes endeavored to preserve order. They were stoned and fired on. The troops, instructed not to fire on the strikers, fired in the air. The mob stoned the tramcars. The streets were finally cleared by the Cossacks, who used the flats of their swords and their knouts. The cars then made trips under escort. Many persons were injured in an encounter between the police and the striking printers at the Government Bureau of Printing and Engraving. Defying Ministerial prohibition, the strikers had attempted to hold a meeting. The cessation of work has resulted in the temporary suspension of publication of every newspaper in the capital except two. The various strikes, happening at this particular time, are deplored by many labor leaders, as the disorder seriously interferes with the campaign of the Social Democratic and Social Revolutionary parties in the elections to the Duma.

❀

The Swedish Riksdag

Last week, after the ratifications of the Treaty of Karlstad by the Storthing and the Riksdag, the Parliaments of Norway and Sweden, the latter body's extraordinary session was closed by King Oscar in person. He wore the crown and royal robes and carried the scepter. He was surrounded by all the Swedish princes in their robes, and by a brilliant staff of officials in full uniform. The big Riksaal was filled to its capacity, and all present listened with sympathy to the King's speech, in which the venerable monarch expressed grief at the separation of Sweden and Norway, but hoped that by this means a lasting peace might be insured between the two nations. The dissolution of the Swedish-Norwegian union carries with it the lapse of its treaties with the Powers. The question arises, Will the Powers now renew those treaties with one or both of the separating countries? Probably the most important of the treaties is that of 1855, between the King of Sweden and Norway on the one hand, and the rulers of England and France on the other. By it the Scandinavian monarch pledged himself not to cede any territory or to grant any coast privileges to Russia; in return, England and France promised to furnish a sufficient force to enable Scandinavia to withstand a Russian attack. A demand by Sweden or Norway, or both, to renew such a treaty would put England and France in an embarrassing situation. In 1855 France was Russia's enemy; to-day she is Russia's ally. In 1855 England

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was also Russia's enemy, and to-day, while no ally of Russia, the moment finds Englishmen using every effort to lessen the Russian anger aroused by the Anglo-Japanese treaty by which Russian advance to the Pacific is definitely checked. Sentimentally and strategically, however, English interest is as strong as ever against Russia's desire to acquire an Atlantic port on the Norwegian coast. Through the marriages of King Edward's daughter and niece with Scandinavian princes, English princesses will probably become Queens of Norway and Sweden. As to strategic aggression, the British navy still leads the world's, and for many years must completely check any Russian naval ambition. Hence, so far as England is concerned, the moral force of the treaty of 1855 still obtains, even though the treaty itself lapses. Its reaffirmation, then, is not necessary to Scandinavian salvation. Russia would regard its renewal on England's part as a needless affront, and on the part of France as sufficient cause for breaking the present Franco-Russian alliance.

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The Norwegian Storthing

On its part, after the ratification, the Norwegian Storthing proceeded to pass a resolution as to the question of a ruler. In view of the acceptable candidacy of Prince Charles of Denmark, second son of the Danish Crown Prince, the decision of the Storthing and of the Norwegian Cabinet was immediately telegraphed to Copenhagen. A Danish Ministerial Council was then summoned, and after its close it was announced that King Christian would not longer insist upon a popular vote in Norway as precedent to Prince Charles's acceptance of the Norwegian crown; instead, the Prince would be allowed to accept if elected by a majority of members of the Storthing. The choice of Prince Charles may be a happy augury for Norway's future. Both in personal character and in family connection he seems well adapted to the high position to which he has been called. He is thirty-three years old. Nine years ago he married the beautiful Princess Maud, King Edward's youngest daughter. Prince and Princess Charles have one child, Prince Alexander, born two years ago. The election of the Danish candidate to the Norwegian throne, therefore, would presumably increase the influence of both England and Denmark in Norway. This would be specially true of Denmark, a country which from geographical, racial, and historical reasons has always stood in a peculiarly close relationship to Norway. The election of Prince Charles would add one more to King Christian's children and grandchildren who occupy, or are heirs to, various thrones. The Danish Crown Prince, his eldest son and grandson, will, in the natural course, become Kings of Denmark. The King's second son is King of Greece; the latter's son and grandson will probably succeed to the Greek throne, while Prince George, the Greek King's second son, now High Commissioner of the Powers in Crete, may be proclaimed King if the Cretans achieve their independence. King Christian's eldest daughter is Queen of England, and her son and grandson are successors to the English throne. The Danish King's second daughter was Empress of Russia; her son is now Emperor, and her tiny grandson is the latter's successor. Thus the venerable Christian IX. takes a veritably paternal interest in the Danish, Greek, English, and Russian dynasties. To this list he may add the Norwegian dynasty. And this would be welcomed as increasing a certain royal solidarity in Europe. For the Danish royal family has always been noted not only for freedom from scandal, but also for a simple, unaffected, and strong family affection. So far as is known, the Danish royal house contains no unworthy member, and its direct influence in Europe has been democratic rather than aristocratic, upholding the best traditions of monarchical government by adding thereto a clear understanding of the demands of modern times.

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Earthquakes in Italy

The sympathy of the whole world has been drawn to the victims of the recent earthquakes in southern Italy. As about three hundred villages were destroyed in the province of Calabria, much

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distress has resulted from the want of food, clothing, and shelter, and from the destruction of houses and machinery essential to self-support. While immediate needs are being met by charitable gifts from the Italians themselves, they appeal for aid in providing the necessary material to enable the women, especially, to return to work. The most important industries for women in southern Italy are the weaving of silks, linens, carpets, and the embroidery of patterns peculiar to Calabria. The work has been done on ancient hand-looms, and, necessarily, under cover. The looms have been largely destroyed, and the women have no longer rooms in which to live and work. The situation has been intensified by torrential rains, causing destruction of many damaged houses. The National Co-operative Society, "Le Industrie Femminili Italiane"—organized to maintain women's hand-crafts in Italy and to obtain a juster reimbursement for their work—has taken up the provision for the stricken Calabrian women. As soon as money can be secured, the Society proposes to open large workrooms in the devastated towns and villages, and provide the necessary looms and material, so as to enable the women to continue their industries. The erection of such workshops in proper sanitary condition and the cost of the material to start labor will amount to three thousand dollars for each center of work. With its large machinery already established for the furtherance of women's work in Italy, this Society proposes to assist the Calabrian women in selling their products under more favorable conditions than those women could possibly secure for themselves. In this way it is hoped that the terrible calamity may be a means of betterment of social conditions; it will be if the Calabrian workshops make as good a record as those now self-supporting shops established by the "Industrie Femminili" in other parts of Italy. As founder and president of the Society, the Countess Cora di Brazzà appeals for assistance to provide for this need. Subscriptions may be sent to her in care of the Banca Commerciale, Rome. Her appeal should find a ready echo in the hearts of all friends of Italy.

The Partition of Bengal

Lord Minto, the new Governor-General of India, has received a legacy possibly more vexatious than that which caused his predecessor's resignation. One of Viceroy Curzon's latest official acts provided for the partition of Bengal, to go into effect on October 16. Ever since British occupation of India, or for a century and a half, Bengal has been an administrative entity. It has remained also one of those feudatory Indian States over which the British Government has exercised only nominal control, through its Lieutenant-Governor, whose office developed from the resident agent of an earlier time. The native princes of these States manage their internal affairs, and even maintain a limited military force, while their external affairs are under the control of the supreme Government. Bengal is one of the largest and most important of these States, having an area of nearly sixty thousand square miles, and a population, according to the census of 1901, of over 3,700,000. Inhabited by people of the same race and language, there has grown up through the centuries a solidarity of feeling which naturally makes for strength. Hence it is not surprising that Lord Curzon found in Bengal the most formidable organized body of Indian opinion in the Empire. That he has taken steps to divide the Bengal States, and thus to weaken that force, is also not surprising, though the question whether his action, sanctioned by the home Government, may not prove to be premature and possibly disastrous remains to be answered. As originally announced a year and a half ago, the proposed partition affected a much smaller portion of territory than that covered by the final orders now to go into effect. By these orders Bengal is to be split into two provinces, one retaining the historic name of Bengal, and the other to be joined to Assam. By this division not only will Bengal cease to have its traditional weight and power under the native princes and be shorn of the influence it has hitherto exercised in Indian affairs, but the part taken from it will lose its identity and be incorporated with another province. The

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fact that the scheme in its final form has never been passed upon by Parliament, but was granted, apparently as a concession, by the Secretary of State for India to Lord Curzon before his retirement, is urged by the natives, and also by Englishmen who are opposed to the scheme as unwise and premature. Certainly, recent news from India confirms this view of the matter. The fifty thousand Bengalis assembled at the Khali Ghat Temple, swearing by the Goddess Khali to boycott British goods as a protest against the partition, is the culmination of indignation meetings which have been held for months. During September alone over half a million people attended these meetings. A boycott of such dimensions, and animated also by a spirit of religious fervor, is one that cannot be lightly passed by. Whether the boycott will be effective remains to be seen.

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Irving in Westminster Abbey

Not since the death of David Garrick in 1779 has an actor been buried in Westminster until Friday of last week, when the ashes of Sir Henry Irving were entombed beside those of Garrick and near the statue of Shakespeare in the Poets' Corner. The honors paid to the dead actor gave his funeral a national character. The King and the Prince of Wales were represented; every leading actor in London, and hosts of dramatists, artists, and men of distinction in every profession, including the American Ambassador and Mrs. Reid, were present. Half an hour before the service the Abbey was crowded to the doors, and a great throng waited patiently outside during the entire exercises. Among the pall-bearers who walked behind the coffin as it was borne into the nave were Lord Aberdeen, Lord Tennyson, Beerbohm Tree, John Hare, Alma-Tadema, Forbes Robertson, and Arthur Collins. The chief mourners were Lady Irving and the two sons of the actor. The procession was met in the nave by the Dean of Westminster, accompanied by Bishop Welldon, Archdeacon Wilberforce, and Canon Duckworth, and the opening sentences of the burial service were chanted. There were tributes in various forms from the entire English-speaking world. A cross of white flowers from the Queen bore the words, "Into Thy Hands, O Lord," and was one of a multitude of wreaths and crosses from societies and individuals of every rank and station from many countries; from men of distinction in literature, art, science, and the drama. Thirty thousand applications were received for the twelve hundred reserved seats in the Abbey. The impressiveness of the tribute to Irving has surprised even those who knew how greatly he was regarded. Its significance lies in the fact that it was paid, not simply to a man who understood the technique of his art, but who conceived and interpreted that art in the largest terms. It was by the general elevation of his character and the charm of his personality no less than by his artistic achievements that Irving broke down the ancient prejudices against the actor and made himself the equal in social estimation of the first men of his time.

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José Maria de Hérédia

The writer regarded by some as the greatest Spanish-American poet has lately passed away. José Maria de Hérédia was born in 1842 in Santiago de Cuba. At eight years he was taken to France and educated at Senlis. His French education was interrupted ten years later by a year's study at the University of Havana. Returning to France, he became a member of the Ecole des Chartes at Paris. His college days coincided with the so-called Parnassian movement in French literature. In 1866 Leconte de Lisle joined with several younger poets in publishing "Le Parnasse Contemporain," followed at a distance of several years each by two similar volumes. These gave to the group the name "Parnassian." Its aim was to reach the highest beauty and purity of form. Of Leconte de Lisle's disciples Hérédia was by far the foremost. His great ability for terse, vivid, atmospheric expression found play in the profession of journalism, to which he devoted himself for a number of years after leaving college. His verse (though his

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total achievement bulks hardly larger than Thomas Gray's) is the remarkable achievement of a man who to thorough command of the French language joined the Spaniard's stately diction and exuberant fancy. Hence Hérédia's poems became distinguished beyond others of his day by reason of a certain sonorous rhythm and an often gorgeous coloring. Despite this, in his first volume, "Les Trophées," an adherence to classical models and an almost cameo-like style stand out in restful contrast to the other schools of verse then popular in Paris, especially to that of the Symbolist Decadents. Hérédia's particular triumph was in his sonnets. In polish and color they suggest those of Gautier, in condensation and precision those of Sully-Prudhomme's "Épreuves." In recognition of "Les Trophées" Hérédia was crowned by the Academy and was later elected to membership, being the first person not born in France to attain that honor.

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The Installation of President James

The center of academic interest during the past week was transferred to the twin-citied seat of the University of Illinois, and to Dr. Edmund Janes James, who was inducted into the presidency of that University. As the central figure of the occasion he bore his honors wisely and well, and the dominant note of his impressive inaugural address carried the message of sympathy in ideals and of discernment in their application with all that is best and urgent in educational needs. There was a large gathering of delegates from universities, colleges, and learned societies. The usual honorary degrees were conferred, partly for general distinction, partly for mere local relations to Illinois and its University. The academic tone of the entire celebration was well maintained, though with occasional lapses that gave food for thought to those of reflective temper. The programmes were all too long for effective execution, and were too considerate of obligations to public officials whose sensibilities might take offense at their omission from a post of honor to themselves but not to the occasion. Though it is possible to pardon the speaker whose "brief address" lacks both brevity and pertinence, it is difficult to forgive those who utilize such an occasion to relieve themselves of something in general, or some specific irritation. Despite these occasional disturbing notes and the inevitable trumpet tones of self-glorification, a dignified and even tenor of proper celebration pervaded the festive week, and the impression made upon the local constituency must certainly have been alike pleasing and salutary. The plan of grouping a series of educational conferences with specific aims about the day of inauguration was conceived and carried out with decided success; thus, there were a timely conference upon religious education; a practical yet liberal discussion of commercial education in connection with a college course; a conference upon methods of university administration; and some consideration of woman's needs as an educable being—the last practically emphasized by the attractive woman's building appropriately dedicated during installation week. Equally creditable was the participation of the student contingent, who, as escort to the gowned and gayly hooded procession, as guides to arriving and inquiring guests, as gay revelers in a torchlight procession in which good humor was combined with characteristic student larks, and particularly in the old-time play at the local theater, performed their parts with conspicuous satisfaction. "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay" was, by all suitable dramatic standards, well done. Amateur sincerity and appreciation more than balanced any shortcomings of inexperience, and the spirit of the action was well maintained throughout. The same demand for tangible results and the accomplishment of miracles as the test of learning that furnishes the semi-mediæval plot with its central theme has an equal pertinence to present-day situations, and may have set many to thinking that profit still lies in contemplating the temple of learning in some other spirit than that of a conjuring-house to yield X-rays and wireless telegraphy or the making of two blades grow where one or none grew before. Taken all in all, the celebration of the University

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of Illinois will occupy a creditable and memorable place in the annals of worthy academic celebrations well conceived and carried to a profitable consummation.

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College Administration

Of the several conferences of the installation week at Champaign-Urbana, the one announced as a conference of trustees to consider methods of administration builded larger and possibly better than it knew. It included not alone the problems of the conduct of the business machinery of these great corporations, but raised the fundamental issues in regard to *raison d'être* of boards and presidents, and administrative means and measures. And it raised the most pertinent query as to the dangers inherent in the further development of the presidential office in its present temper. With unexpected corroboration of many men of many minds, the autocracy of the college president—to which President Pritchett has called timely attention—was deplored, not alone as undemocratic in principle and harsh in practice, but as tending to undermine the stability of the academic career, and as taking from it its proper dignity, honor, and station. It is certainly notable that at an occasion that was convened to glorify the president—though in some part only as the representative of his university—the dominant theme of discussion should take as its text the menace and evils of this office. The inquiry was most amicably and fairly conducted; no disturbing factor of personal criticism intruded itself. It was admitted that the needs of the past—closely associated with pioneering crudities and exacting conditions—demanded dictatorial powers, central responsibility, efficient and compromising direction. Yet it was questioned whether this type of government is at all promising for present and future situations. Our universities have been built up too largely at the sacrifice of the academic career; and with material success and the ambition to be big has come a neglect of quality and of the true ends for which universities are maintained. The faculty has paid all too heavily for the progress which it has, with unacknowledged sacrifice, made possible. The issue is thus nothing less than the rehabilitation of the academic career; the restoration of the faculty to a truly directive authority of the educational affairs of the university; the withdrawal of the president to the more modest office of the leading interpreter of faculty opinion, and the interpretation of the function of the board in a more co-operative, less managerial tone. That intense and hampering sense of accountability—which President Pritchett has likewise emphasized—robs the professorial career of its essential worth; and this accountability directly results from the autocratic government by presidents and boards, that imposes policy upon the faculty, and distributes with both a grudging and an unjust hand rewards for facilitation of administrative measures. Naturally, when stated thus baldly the charge seems exaggerated and in many quarters wholly inappropriate; yet, as a tendency, it has real existence and unusual power to make or mar the academic career. Analogies from the business world have wrought havoc with educational standards, and, unless signs fail, this is to be one of the foremost of educational questions; and it may be that the formal raising of this query will come to be regarded as the memorable feature of the Illinois conferences.

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Mr. Carnegie at St. Andrew's

The inauguration of Mr. Carnegie as Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrew's last week was an occasion of unusual interest to Americans, not only by reason of the chief event of the day, but because honorary degrees were conferred on Bishop Potter, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador at London, Mr. Charlemagne Tower, American Ambassador at Berlin, Mr. William J. Holland, director of the Carnegie Museum at Pittsburg, and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University. Bishop Potter was presented as probably more widely known than any other American Churchman in Great Britain, and was received with great applause. Mr. Reid's services during the war period and as the representative

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of America at Paris were emphasized, and Mr. Tower's ambassadorial career was characterized as representing the best in mental and moral culture. All these Americans were enthusiastically welcomed by the audience, and the usual student chaff of the occasion seems to have been pervaded by the greatest geniality and good humor. Mr. Carnegie made a characteristic address full of his hatred of war and his passionate devotion to the furtherment of the settlement of international difficulties by arbitration. He called attention to the fact that five nations had co-operated in quelling the recent Chinese disorder and rescuing their representatives in Peking, and he declared that these nations together could banish war, and that if three should form a league of peace on the basis of referring all international disputes to the Hague Tribunal, agreeing to declare non-intercourse with any nation refusing compliance, it was his belief that no nation would be willing to be cut off from the world to-day. Relations between Great Britain, France, and the United States are so close, their aims so similar, their territories and fields of operation so clearly defined, that they might properly unite to consider the question of such a league. Polygamy and slavery have been abolished by civilized nations; dueling no longer exists where English is spoken; the right of private war and privateering has passed away; there still remains "the killing of civilized men, by men, like wild beasts, as a permissible mode of settling international disputes." He regarded as a step backward the sentiment which seems to consider a formal declaration of war unnecessary. He declared that there is no longer any excuse for war, because a tribunal is at hand to deliver righteous judgment between nations; and he closed with a vigorous and timely attack on the misleading and mischievous conceptions of what constitutes national and personal honor, which are still made the excuse for many deeds of violence. "All stains upon honor come from within," he said, "never from without. Man or nation whose honor needs vindication beyond a statement of the truth which puts calumny to shame is to be pitied. Innocent honor assailed discards bloody revenge and seeks the halls of justice and arbitration." Society already relies upon courts of justice to protect its members from all wrongs, and nations must finally rely upon international courts.

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The Next Step

The attention of the American people is for the moment so entirely concentrated on the management of the great insurance companies, and the moral sense of the country is so deeply stirred by the disclosure of the lack of any sense of fiduciary responsibility on the part of men of high position in office and society, that there is danger of charging upon a small group of individuals an offense against morals in which the rest of us as citizens of the United States have shared. The condemnation of the contribution of insurance companies to campaign funds has not been a whit too severe, but the insurance officials are not the only offenders; the voters of the country are accessories to this diversion of funds. If electors everywhere did their duty, the system which makes it possible to levy assessments on great corporations or permits them to make voluntary contributions would cease to exist. They have allowed the government to pass out of their own hands into the hands of bosses and machines, and consented, with feeble and intermittent protests, to the transfer of power to self-appointed political mechanics who, to serve their own ends, or for business purposes, have placed between the people and their government a set of artificially contrived and skillfully devised methods of turning popular government into a trade. This method of artificial political life substituted for what should have been the normal political activity of a free people has gone so far that it is now regarded as necessary to raise from three to eight millions of dollars in order to conduct a National campaign; and it has grown to be an accepted practice on the part of great corporations either to yield to pressure or to contribute of their own

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free will, when they regard the success of one party or the other essential to prosperous business conditions. The voters of the United States must divide with the managers of the insurance companies the responsibility for this diversion of funds.

One of the most extraordinary features of the epical story now being told in New York City by the officials of the life insurance companies has been the large amounts of money used for what are called "legislative purposes." Every one understands that this phrase means, in large measure, defeating legislation by the use of money. This is indefensible; but here also the voters of the United States must divide the responsibility with the offenders. They send to their Legislatures men who, instead of devoting themselves to the public interests, make use of their positions to devise means of harassing organizations of capital. This has come to be a regular trade. What are known as "strike bills" are presented in great numbers every year before the Legislatures of the different States, and the organizations of capital regard it as essential to their existence to defeat these schemes. Instead of uniting and exposing the political scoundrels who assail them, as blackmailers ought always to be exposed, they submit. It has been recently stated on good authority that during the last four years more than seven hundred bills affecting life insurance companies have been presented in the State Legislatures of the United States. One of these companies, it is said, has spent between seven and eight hundred thousand dollars to defeat this kind of legislation. If all these bills had passed, their enforcement would, it is asserted, have cost this particular company something more than twenty millions of dollars. The possibilities of this kind of trading are obvious at a glance; the thoroughness with which it is conducted is understood only by those who manage it or who are its victims. The Outlook does not for a moment defend the action of the companies in buying safety instead of fighting for it, but it charges home on the voters of the United States the responsibility for permitting such a system to exist.

For the time being the witness-stand is occupied by the managers of the companies, and a very sorry spectacle most of them are making of themselves. When this phase of the investigation is finished, the story of the criminal neglect of public duties by voters ought to be brought out by placing on the stand those legislators who are in any way implicated; and The Outlook suggests that it would be well to place with them the managers of the political machines in the different States. It would be interesting to know what Mr. Platt has to say about the Republican State machine and the insurance companies; and Mr. Odell's testimony would be read with very great interest. The investigation might be shifted from State to State, in order that the extent of the system of "striking" large corporations may be brought home to the mind of the average voter. The investigation must not stop with the managers of these great organizations; it must show the culpable indifference of the voters of the United States who have made these forms of corruption possible. Put the American people on trial by calling some of their political representatives to the witness-stand.

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An Independent Judiciary

Two minor incidents in American politics are of significance in showing the value of public opinion even when no sensational features exist to arouse extraordinary enthusiasm of either admiration or indignation. In the center of New York State Justice Maurice L. Wright has been defeated in the Republican Convention for renomination, after a long and heated contest. His friends made a bold and united fight for him; but the Convention wisely acted on the doctrine that a judge should not be under suspicion of favoritism, and Judge Wright's best friends can hardly deny that his course had rendered him liable to such suspicion. In New York City it had been currently reported that Tammany would refuse renomination to Judges Ingraham and Gildersleeve. According to the reports, there were three reasons for this refusal: first, that the places were wanted

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for other men whom Tammany wished to befriend or promote; second, that Judge Ingraham, though he owed his nomination and support to Tammany, had refused to use his judicial position at the demand of Tammany for the appointment of a Tammany man to office; third, that he had refused to pay for the nomination by promising a contribution to Tammany's campaign fund. The Bar Association, without regard to party, and by a vote which was made more impressive by the one dissenting voice, called on both political parties to renominate these judges, basing its request on the following indisputable principle:

Resolved, That this Association reaffirms the principle heretofore expressed by it on more than one occasion and now generally recognized and approved at the polls, that, in the interest of the community, faithful and efficient judges whose terms are about to expire should be renominated and re-elected in order that the judiciary may feel that their tenure of office is not dependent upon political expediency or political favoritism.

Ex-Judge Parker, the recent candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency, put the principle even more strongly in a weighty and evidently well-considered speech. He said (we quote from memory) that it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when no judge who has served the community faithfully and well will ever be retired from his office until the age-limit fixed by the Constitution for his term of service has been reached. The Democratic Convention yielded to this expression of conviction on the part of the Bar Association, and renominated both the judges. The Republican Convention, on the other hand, omitted from its ticket the name of Judge Gildersleeve.

The question whether judges should be elected or appointed is not nearly so important as the question whether they shall retain their office after election or appointment. However inducted into office, they ought to hold it during good behavior. The purity and the independence of the judiciary are absolutely essential to the State. It is of no avail to have just and equal laws if they are not justly and equably interpreted, applied, and enforced. The Stuarts in England endeavored to make the judges their creatures to register their will. The infamous Jeffreys, by his conduct, made this scheme of absolutism an abomination to the English people. One of the fruits of the overthrow of the Stuart dynasty was the purification of the courts; since the Revolution we do not recall any attempt in England to interfere with the independence of the judiciary. But to make judges dependent on the mob is no better than to make them dependent on the monarch; and to make them dependent on an irresponsible political machine is worse than either. The monarch may be called to account before the bar of public opinion for a Jeffreys; from the mob drunken with passion an appeal may always be taken to the mob sobered and reasonable; but the machine is never amenable to a reason that does not concern its own interest, and only with the greatest difficulty can it be made amenable to public opinion, since its counsels are taken in secret and its secret decrees are registered as the choice of a popular assembly.

That there is a public sentiment in New York State in favor of a pure and independent judiciary, sufficiently strong to defeat the renomination of Judge Wright and to insure the renomination by Tammany Hall of Judges Ingraham and Gildersleeve, must be taken as one of the hopeful signs of the times and an encouragement to faith in the moral power of an intelligent public opinion. There will be further cause for encouragement if the returns in November bring a deserved rebuke to the Republican machine.

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The Basis of Union

A momentous question is thrust this fall upon the Protestant churches of this country. It is this: What do the churches regard as the test of discipleship—the test by which a Church may show itself to be a Christian Church? What is it by which they are willing to be judged?

Some thirty denominations, including the largest Protestant bodies of America, will meet in New York City in November for conference upon federation. They

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are to consider, seriously we hope, the feasibility of concerted action in withstanding wrong and promoting right. If any permanent organization is effected, the delegates must decide on what basis churches will be admitted to it. They can be confronted with no more fundamental question than this.

Upon the answer to this question will depend, it is hardly necessary to say, the character of the resulting federation and its significance in the history of the Church. The denominations will have a perfect right to decide that they will associate with one another only as long as they are mutually congenial. They can, if they choose, make of their Federation an ecclesiastical club. Into such a club, naturally, they will not invite any denomination which they regard as unconventional. If any Church which does not follow their traditions applies for membership, they can perfectly properly say, You don't think as we do or talk as we do; why do you wish to associate with us? Such a club as this may promote ecclesiastical good-fellowship, but it will do little to promote Church unity. It is a very different ideal from this which we have for this movement toward the federation of the churches. It is an ideal which comprises all who show themselves loyal to him from whom the Christian Church has taken its name. If the denominational bodies which are to assemble in their representative Conference next month have such an ideal as this, if they want to form, not a club, but a union of Churches, they must, at the very beginning, determine what constitutes loyalty such as they will respect.

When they are called upon to make this decision, they will be face to face with an issue upon which Jesus himself spoke in no uncertain tone. It is the issue between creed and character, between profession and practice. Jesus never said, He that heareth me and formeth correct opinions of my person shall be likened unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock; but, "Every one therefore who heareth these words of mine, and doeth them." It was this issue which Jesus illustrated by his parable of the two sons; it was the son who said, "I will not," but afterwards went, whom Jesus described as meeting the essential test of discipleship. Jesus never asked a man to prove his loyalty by his word; when he asked for proof, he asked for it in terms of character and action.

The letter sent out by the Committee of Correspondence suggesting to denominational bodies the conference on federation contained the sentence: "It is understood that its basis would be, not one of creedal statement or governmental form, but of co-operative work and effort." Is the Conference itself to repudiate this statement? It will, if it proposes as a test for membership any definition, formula, or phrase.

The danger that this Inter-Church Conference on Federation will be false to its purpose has provoked protests from all over the land. Such a protest, for instance, has been made against the implication that this purpose is impracticable, for it has been proved that in New York and Massachusetts State Federations true to that purpose are practicable. No stronger protests, moreover, have been made than those that have been heard in those regions justly regarded as conservative—the West and the South. From the single city of Birmingham, Alabama, three clergymen—Baptist, Methodist, and Episcopal—have sent out their protests. One of them contrasts the making of an inventory of divine attributes and subscribing thereto with the exercise of an effectual and practical faith. Another finds in the raising of a theological question the postponement of genuine Christian federation. And the third declares: "That spirit which exalts creed above character, metaphysics above morality, . . . has been for nineteen centuries the only Antichrist any Christian disciple has needed to fear, the only heresy and the only heretic any Christian Church has needed to anathematize." Such protests as these should be heard at the Conference. The delegates to the Conference have no task comparable to that of seeing that whatever federation is there constructed shall avoid the shifting sands of formulary and affirmation, and shall be placed firmly upon the rock of genuine discipleship.

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The Spectator

The Spectator has sung "My Country, 'tis of Thee" innumerable times in his life, under all sorts of circumstances. But he never remembers enjoying it more than at the big mass-meeting of the "Jerome Nominators" in Carnegie Hall, New York, last week, which opened the campaign for William Travers Jerome. There are occasions and occasions. Bands, fireworks, banners, crowds of thousands massed in a hall and outside it for hours, ten-minute rounds of applause, and wild enthusiasm over speakers, are the commonplaces of political campaigns. To make a mass-meeting unique other factors have to be added to it. Yet it is safe to say that no one went home from the Nominators' Meeting without feeling that he or she had attended something alone of its kind, and politically remarkable even in New York, where all conceivable political sensations would seem to have been long ago experienced and exhausted.

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As far as the Spectator knows, a Nominators' Meeting is unique, to begin with. A candidate without any party or any ticket is certainly novel. Whatever organizations may fall into line behind William Travers Jerome, no organization nominated him. The individual New Yorker did it. While the Spectator was talking with a friendly policeman at the entrance door—there were two hundred and fifty policemen working hard to keep the crowds back and in order—two men pushed forward for admittance, but without any tickets. It was half an hour before the meeting was to open, but already the big hall was jammed, galleries and floor, to the limits of the fire ordinance, and none but box tickets were good.

"What—can't pass me in? Why, I'm a Nominator, I tell you!" said the first man. "I've the best right to get into this meeting."

"I'm a Jerome Nominator, too," said the second man. "Why should I need a ticket?"

"Can't help that, sir," said the policeman. "Those that came an hour ago didn't need tickets. But the house is full now and only box tickets go—that's orders."

But the Jerome Nominators showed why they were Jerome Nominators. They fought ahead. "Can I get word to Mr. ——, of the committee?" said the first.

"Can't say, sir," said the policeman.

"But he's there, inside," insisted the other. "Isn't there some way to get word to him that we are out here?"

The Spectator, who was going in, offered to carry the message. The policeman smiled superior, with the air of one who had seen bluffs before. But he was mistaken; for when the committeeman appeared, he recognized the two Nominators at once, and passed them through. The policeman sighed:

"There'll be fifty now trying that dodge the next ten minutes," he said. And doubtless there were, though the Spectator did not stay to see.

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The village correspondent of a Vermont local paper once reported of a meeting in the town hall that it was "packed to the brim." Carnegie Hall recalled the description, especially as to the top gallery, whose dense masses, gathered close under the ceiling, seemed in danger of pouring over the railings. Yet an overflow meeting of fifteen hundred was left lamenting outside the hall. The house was like a club sandwich, with all sorts of things packed in layers. In the pit and on the platform were those lucky enough to have press and platform tickets, or to have come earliest—say two hours before the meeting. Then came the two tiers of boxes, where well-known citizens and their families and friends filled every seat; then two galleries crowded with the populace, with the band tucked away in the upper one. On the floor and platform and in the boxes the Spectator noticed almost as many women as men. "What a pity," said some one behind him, "to fill seats with women, who can't vote!" "That's all you know about it," said the other. "Get the women roused, and you get public sentiment." Whether one or the other was right, the women were there and very thoroughly roused. They had their handkerchiefs and flags

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all ready to give Jerome an ovation; and when he entered the hall and the whole audience rose, cheering, clapping, and finally joining in "My Country, 'tis of Thee," the feminine element was as enthusiastic as if it had been Wyoming instead of Manhattan.

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The cheering did not sound like a forlorn hope. The audience suggested nothing of a forlorn hope. Yet the excitement, the enthusiasm, the thrilling note of the whole vast affair, was that the man they came to honor stands alone against the great parties, with what any practical politician would call one desperate chance in a thousand. And to the Spectator the finest thing about William Travers Jerome's address was its grim recognition of this. It takes the noblest qualities of civic courage to realize fully that idealism in politics has almost no chance, and yet to stand by idealism to the last ditch. In Jerome New York has an indomitable fighter for her rights and liberties, whether she wants them enough to help him to victory, or whether she lets him go to defeat with her colors on his helmet. He comes to the fight, not fresh and rested, but tired with four years of struggle and toil for the city, which, as he said, made the last campaign seem "a thousand years ago." Every one in the audience felt the thrill of his quiet "I have made good," and joined in the great burst of responsive applause that answered it. One hard-pressed, weary, but stubbornly valiant fighter against a great array—the Spectator felt that he saw a modern incarnation of Greatheart on the platform, challenging the odds in the same old steady way.

❀

Perhaps no Greatheart is possible without a sense of humor. This one certainly has it. Along with the grimness that faced and described the dangerous situation came flashes of wit and quaint turns of speech that brought down the house. Jerome is one of the speakers who makes public speaking appear so natural that it seems as if any one could do it. The present quadrilateral campaign in New York City has been called a "talkfest." If that were all of it, the prize could go nowhere except to Jerome. But, as Felix Adler reminded the audience at Carnegie Hall, not talk, but votes, were needed to overcome "the terrible lethargic force of custom" and prevail against party affiliations.

❀

A remarkable speaker and a remarkable audience make a combination with something electric and dynamic about it. The Carnegie Hall mass-meeting left this impression on the Spectator's mind. In its crowded space the crisis of the hour and the man of the hour seemed to stand out with extraordinary vividness. Men and women of every class were there, and felt a uniting civic sentiment. It was a proud thing for any man to be their standard-bearer. The entrance of the speaker, and the dramatic wait while the long-continued applause did not allow him to begin his speech, could not be spoiled even by the hustle of the photographers trying to take their flashlights. The crowd in the hall were not merely gathered to hear Jerome; they were the nominators who had put him in the field, who were responsible to him as he to them—co-fighters in the conflict. It was this that made it unique. Meeting and man both were on trial, facing a civic problem together. It is not often that a speaker can turn on an applauding audience and say that votes, not applause, are what counts, only to be applauded more earnestly. The crowd was responsive because it was responsible. And, by the way, the Spectator noticed, along this line, that when Jerome, by some quick turn of pathos, stirred his listeners, it was in the men's eyes that the tears came, not in the women's. There were tears in the speaker's own eyes when he began to speak, brought there by the thundering storm of welcome of the crowd. Such tears are not idle; they bode ill for the adversary. Responsibility and resolution were writ large over that Nominators' Meeting in Carnegie Hall; and when the Spectator remembers the mighty chorus of "My Country, 'tis of Thee," as it rang out from six thousand hearts, he cannot believe that the forlorn hope, with all its dangers, *is going to fail.*

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The Leading Figure in the Insurance Investigation

WHEN a Committee was appointed by the New York Legislature to make an investigation of the life insurance companies doing business in the State, it was universally recognized that its success or failure would depend in great measure on its choice of counsel. The task of selection was not an easy one, for many of the most eminent and skillful lawyers had been retained by the insurance companies or by individuals whose connection with the Equitable Society made probable their need in the near future of expert legal advice. Other prominent lawyers were so associated with men and corporations who were in intimate relations with the companies to be investigated that their selection as counsel for the Committee would have prejudiced the investigation from the start. The choice finally fell on Mr. Charles E. Hughes, with the conviction on the part of the Committee and the public that the right man had been found. This conviction was based not only on Mr. Hughes's reputation as a keen and able lawyer, but on his achievement as counsel for the legislative committee which investigated the New York gas companies last year. The belief in Mr. Hughes's fitness for the task which he was called on to undertake has been amply justified during the progress of the investigation.

It needs only a few moments' conversation with Mr. Hughes to be convinced of his absolute sincerity and fearlessness, and to realize that nothing can prevent him from pushing the inqniry to the bitter end, let it lead where it will and involve whom it may. His straightforward, steady, frank gaze and the strength of his face make any thought of double dealing or cowardice impossible. But the little wrinkles at the corners of his eyes, continually deepening as he talks and smiles, reveal a delightful charm of personality and a keen sense of humor.

Mr. Hughes is a young man, only forty-three years of age. He completed his education, so far as schools and colleges can furnish it, at an unusually early age. The New York public school, Colgate University, Brown University, and Columbia Law School all contributed their share to his training, which ended at twenty-two. After his graduation from Brown University he tried his hand at teaching, reading law at the same time. After a course at Columbia he entered the law office of Walter S. Carter, but after several years of hard work he was compelled by ill health to leave New York. For two years he filled a chair in the Law School of Cornell University. He then returned to New York and resumed practice. His love for teaching had not left him, however, and for several years he delivered lectures in a special course at the Columbia Law School.

The secret of Mr. Hughes's success, aside from his natural ability and thorough training, is the most open of secrets—hard work. He believes in hard work and in long hours of work. During the busy months of the year he is at his desk from half-past nine till six, and he often works at home in the evening. But he believes no less in play, to which he gives himself up as completely as to his work. He plays golf, badly he confesses, but at every opportunity. Every summer he spends some time in the Maine woods and some in Switzerland on a walking tour.

Mr. Hughes's conduct of the insurance investigation has been marked by his extraordinary grasp of the details of the insurance business and the masses of facts and figures at his command. He has an unusual memory, which he supplements with the most thorough preparation. In fact, thoroughness is a characteristic of all his work. His treatment of the witnesses who appear before the Committee is eminently fair, courteous, and considerate; but stubborn and unwilling witnesses find him hard to evade.

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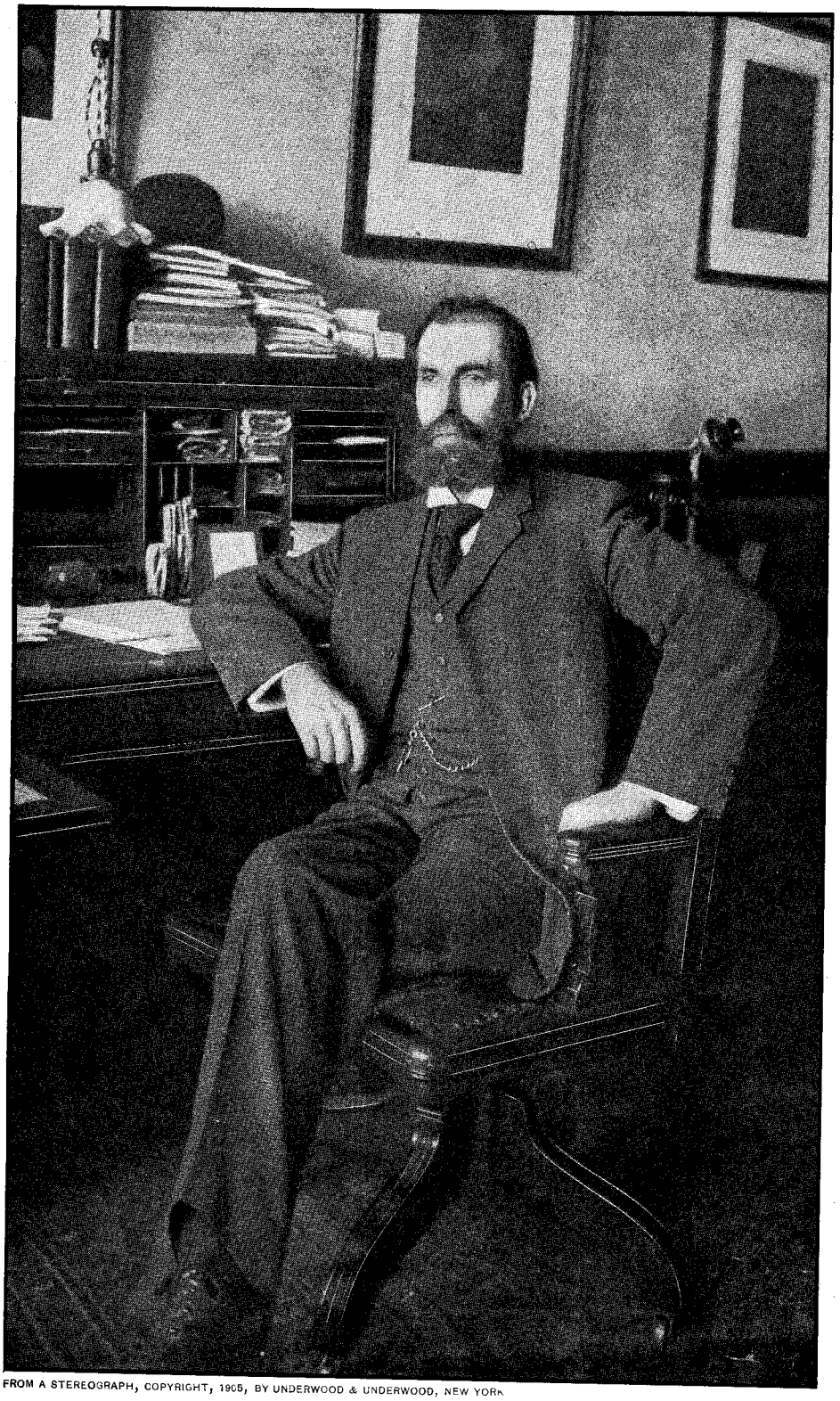

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CHARLES E. HUGHES

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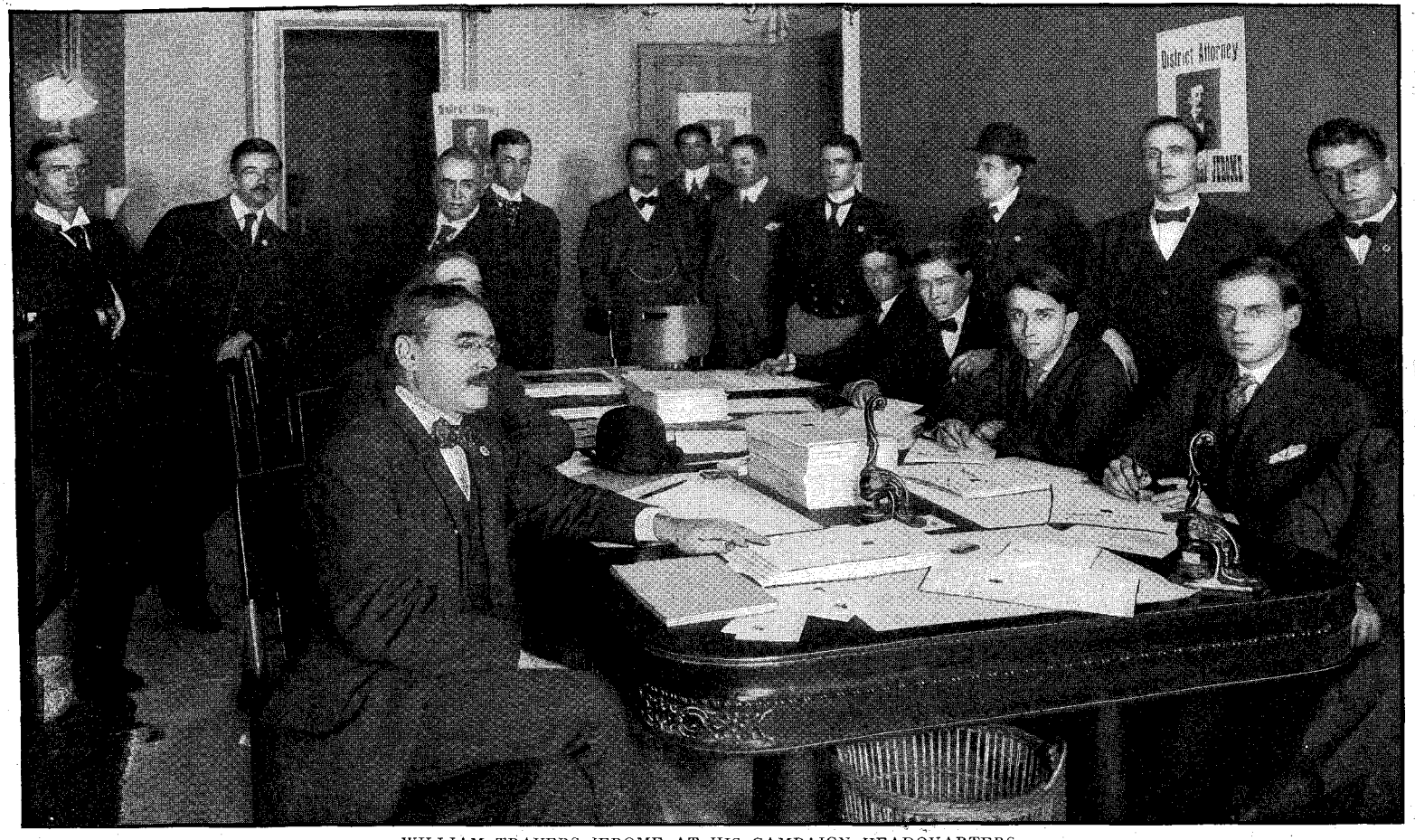

WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME AT HIS CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS

Photographed for The Outlook by Arthur Hewitt

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Defenders of Self-Government

Some Prominent Figures in the Fall Campaigns

FOR a people whose Nation is established on the principle of local self-government, Americans are strangely uninterested in any but National politics. This is an "off year," so called. That means, in American political vernacular, that it is a year when the elections are for only municipal, local, or State offices. It does not seem to occur to most Americans that it is these offices that constitute the foundation-stones of their government. That fact, however, is well known to the political boss. As a consequence, this is no "off year" for him. He is as active as ever. He asks only for the control of the town, the county, and the State; and he usually gets what he asks for. He welcomes the popular apathy of "off years," and at other times he encourages popular interest in National issues. As long as the voters decline to scrutinize the methods practiced by men engaged in municipal and State politics, so long he knows his position is secure.

Any man, therefore, who exalts a local issue, gives dignity to it, and makes it a matter of popular concern, strikes at the power of the boss who is tampering with the foundations of the Republic. Such a man renders to the Nation the greatest political service any man can perform. He ought to be regarded with honor throughout the land. He deserves to be counted a National figure.

In order to do this service a man does not need to be invariably an aggressive reformer. He may be invaluable even if he does not have the temperament of the crusader. He is not necessarily called upon to enter the lists as the self-conscious adversary of the party leaders. Indeed, the man who starts out with the avowed intention of wresting from the party leaders their power and authority is not thereby entitled to any special consideration. The people will profit little or nothing if he simply becomes boss in place of another, and they certainly will not share his complacent confidence that merely his personal qualities will make him a better boss than the one he supplants. That man best serves the Republic who clashes with the bosses because he attacks or resists an evil on which the bosses thrive.

Governor Warfield, of Maryland, is what might be termed a passive reformer. He is an enemy of the ruling political ring in his own party, not because he has made any onslaught upon that ring, but because he has steadfastly refused to do the ring's bidding. When he was elected, few, if any, people thought of him as a reformer at all. It is doubtful whether many regard him as a reformer even now. He is an unqualified Southern Democrat. He might be posed as a model for the traditional figure of a Confederate soldier. He was elected after a campaign in which his party managers made the most absurd and irrelevant appeals to race prejudice. His success was due as much to Republican weakness as to Democratic strength. The Gorman ring, having thus regained its power in the State Government, determined to retain it. In order to make certain its hold, it secured the passage by the Legislature of an amendment to the State Constitution nominally designed to eliminate the ignorant vote, avowedly aimed against the negro vote, but really so framed that the party in power could practically designate whom it chose to be the voters of the State. To the consternation of the ring, Governor Warfield declined to approve the amendment. With the stubbornness of a man who is acting in accordance with his deepest convictions, he has maintained his attitude of quiet and confident opposition to the scheme of capturing the

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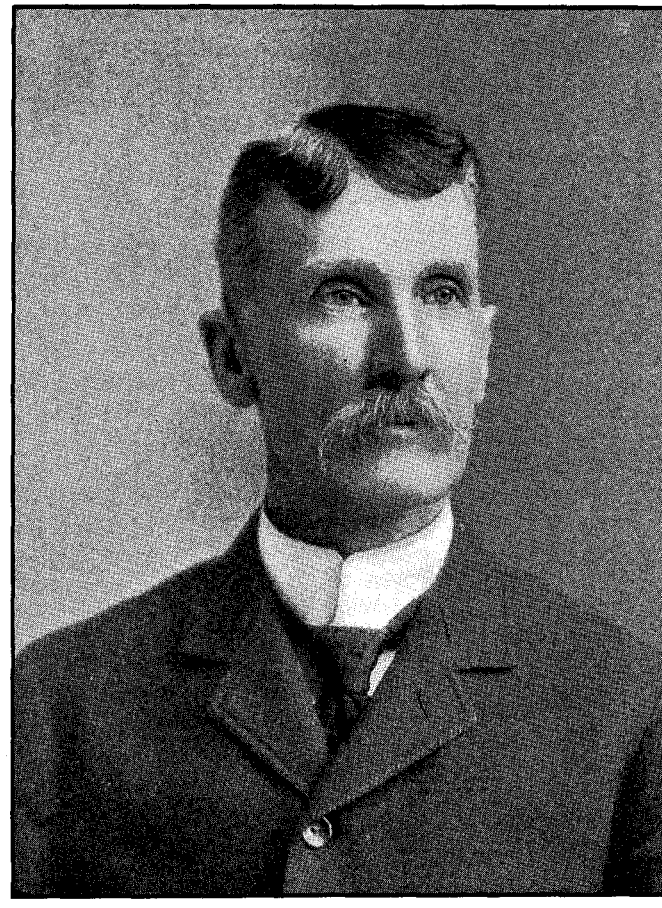
State by political brigandage. As the result of his action, or rather his determined inaction, the preservation of an unenslaved electorate is an issue of the first importance in Maryland. The amendment is to be submitted to the voters in November. If, as there is good reason to hope, it is defeated and the Gorman ring routed, it will be due to that passive reformer, that immovable obstacle to ring tyranny—Edwin Warfield.



JUDGE L. L. LEWIS
Photograph by Homeier & Clark

In Virginia conditions are different from those in Maryland, and therefore call for a different kind of service. In Maryland the two parties have fought on comparatively even terms; the evil which threatens there is the possible unjust intrenchment of the party in power. In Virginia, on the other hand, for over a generation the two parties have been very unequal. The evil there is the political stupor which invariably follows the absence of political discussion and struggle. It was, however, not always so. Before the war which divided North and South the people of Virginia were alert in political controversy. The two conceptions of American government which have existed from the establishment of the Constitution strove with each other for the mastery in Virginia as almost nowhere else in the United States. That great commonwealth gave to the country Jefferson as representing the one conception, and John Marshall as representing the other. Even to the eve of the Civil War the Federalists were a strong power among Virginians. But the war brought a change, and the so-called Reconstruction

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period fastened upon the State a situation which until the present has been inflexible. Practically, the Democratic party there has stood for State control, the Republican for a varying and uncertain Federal patronage. It is needless to point out the unwholesomeness of such a situation; but it has been a situation which the leaders of both parties have considered it to be for their own interests to perpetuate. By accepting the Republican nomination for the Governorship, Judge Lewis, until recently United States District Attorney for Eastern Virginia, has brought new vigor into the political life of the State. He has no connection with the Reconstruction traditions of his party. He is a Republican because he is a Federalist of the John Marshall type. He has been nurtured by Federalist doctrines. He denies the individualistic theory that government is a necessary evil, and the less of it a land can have the better; he holds rather that government is a positive good; that the measure of its virtue is not innocuousness but effectiveness. He believes, for instance, in the public schools—not as a makeshift but as a permanent and ultimate benefit and necessity. He has resigned from the district attorneyship, thus demonstrating his allegiance to his political principles, and he is conducting his campaign by an appeal to the reason and convictions of the voters. There are many voters of his political temperament who have voted the Democratic ticket in Virginia simply because that has been for a generation the ticket for real Virginians

EVERETT COLBY
Photograph by Hollinger

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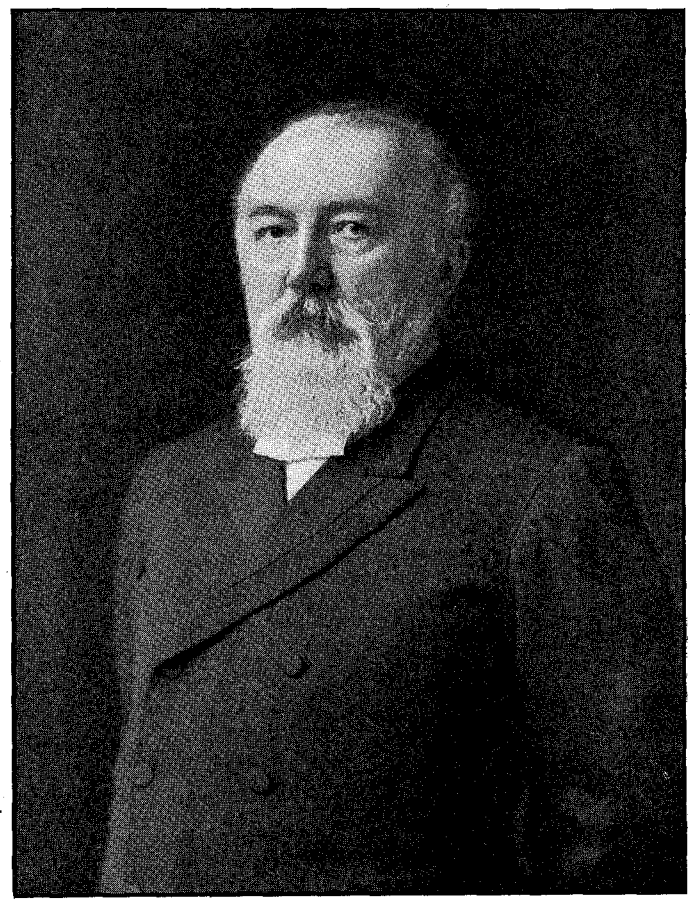
to vote. He is giving them a chance to cast their votes on other grounds. Judge Lewis is reviving in Virginia a spirit which has long slept; he is leading Virginians back to their historic practice of real political discussion. He has thus placed himself squarely against the interests of political bosses who would have the voters do their will unthinkingly.



RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG
Photograph by Gutekunst

Unlike Governor Warfield and Judge Lewis, Mr. Rudolph Blankenburg, of Philadelphia, is by temperament an aggressive reformer; but, like them, he has undertaken, not to dethrone bosses, but to destroy the conditions which make their tyranny possible. "Graft" is Mr. Blankenburg's specific enemy. Born in Germany, he came when a young man to Philadelphia. Like many other Germans who have made the United States their country, he has exhibited from the first a practical sort of patriotism which shames the sentimental and inactive patriotism of most Americans. Years ago he became interested in philanthropy and organized charity. During the Russian famine of 1891 and 1892 he was one of the commissioners who made arrangements for the distribution of gifts to relieve the starving peasants. He then refused to pay to Russian officials the "graft" money they demanded. So, in relieving distress in Philadelphia the two years following, he forced miscreants to withhold their hands from the sufferers' pockets, and to disgorge what they had unjustly taken. So in the city government he has been the scrutinizer of crooked deals, a thorn in the flesh to grafters, a troublesome disturber of

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schemers and plunderers. To him as much as to any one else is due the reform movement which is sweeping over Philadelphia at present. He is a candidate for Commissioner on the ticket of the City party. A vigorous Republican, he stands as an implacable foe of the Republican ring. He has interfered with the plans of the bosses to take advantage of popular apathy for their own enrichment; he therefore belongs among those who are strengthening the foundations on which popular government rests.

The enmity of the bosses which Mr. Blankenburg has gained by opposing "graft," Mr. Everett Colby, of Essex County, New Jersey, has won by fighting against predatory corporations. For several years various towns in the county have been granting perpetual franchises to trolley companies, by which—in several cases for a nominal sum, in others for no remuneration at all—these companies receive a charter to run their lines through the thoroughfares forever. Other people besides Mr. Colby have known that when a town does that it hands over to a private concern values which belong to the public; but Mr. Colby determined to make it an issue. Moreover, according to the laws of New Jersey, a small house owner pays three or four times the rate in taxes that a railroad pays for the real estate and other property which it owns. Others besides Mr. Colby saw the injustice of this, but Mr. Colby determined that it should be assailed. So he announced himself a candidate for the State Senate on the issue of "limited franchises and equal taxation." He made no attack on bosses as such; he did make an attack on these specific evils—and he found himself at enmity with the bosses. It is clear how this happened. The present conditions are, financially, of extraordinary value to the corporations concerned. These corporations saw to it that "the machine" which turned out ballots to the voters was repaid for the trouble of maintaining these conditions. When Mr. Colby, therefore, attacked the conditions, he attacked the machine. He is a Princeton man, not many years out of college, an excellent sportsman, a Wall Street broker, the possessor of large wealth, the son of a prominent railroad man. He rather accidentally drifted into politics. Once in public life, however, he was by no means aimless. He set himself to the task nearest at hand. He became an Assemblyman; and now, in spite of the opposition of the party boss, he is the Republican candidate for the State Senate, and is virtually assured of election. He has aroused the people of his district in an "off year" as they are seldom aroused in Presidential years. He has summoned them to look to the foundations of their government. In doing this he has served the entire Nation.

As Mr. Colby has assailed predatory wealth in New Jersey, so Mr. Jerome has assailed predatory vice and crime in New York. He has for four years been District Attorney for New York County, and now in whatever direction he moves the reptiles scurry for their holes. He, too, has found that by doing his duty he has incurred the enmity of the bosses; for it is the shame of New York that lawlessness has found a not always unwilling ally in the body of men who manipulate the instruments of government. Four years ago, when Mr. Jerome was a candidate for his present office, he made lawlessness an overshadowing issue. Now that he is candidate for re-election he has announced himself, although a convinced Democrat, as free from any party entanglements, and thereby has made bossism, as well as lawlessness, an issue upon which the voters must render a verdict. It is not merely picturesqueness that has made Mr. Jerome a National figure; it is his power to win supporters in a local political contest.

These five men, Governor Warfield, Judge Lewis, Mr. Blankenburg, Mr. Colby, and Mr. Jerome—men of dissimilar temperaments, living under dissimilar environments, engaged in dissimilar contests, and differing in party allegiance—have come by different roads to the same point: opposition to selfish ring rule. They are all of them National figures because they are concerned with the preservation of that principle of local self-government upon which the permanence of the Nation depends.

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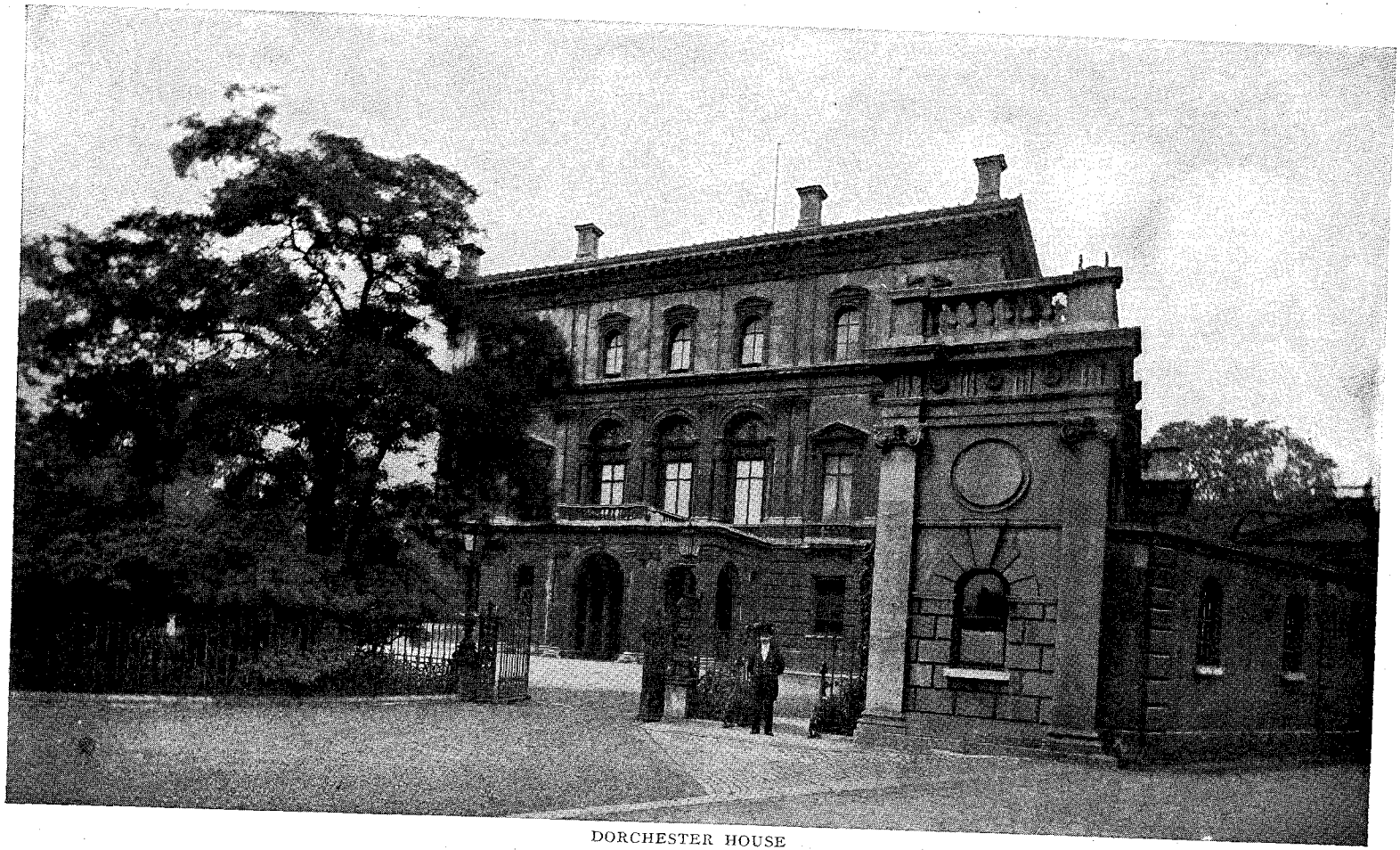

DORCHESTER HOUSE

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DORCHESTER HOUSE

THE HOME OF THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

BY E. DOUGLAS SHEILDS

SPECIAL PERMISSION TO HAVE THE PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR THIS ARTICLE HAS BEEN GRANTED TO THE OUTLOOK ALONE. PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. P. SMALL, SLOAN STREET, LONDON

A BRILLIANT July day in London. The trees in Hyde Park blue-green in the heat. The seats in the shade, and even those in the blazing sun, crowded with people. The drive thronged with carriages, the majority of which were automobiles, whose occupants represented the gay world, unusually late in seeking their summer homes or cooler air—that part of society whose work is pleasure and whose pleasure work.

A good deal of attention was given by passers-by to one stream of vehicles gathered round a house standing alone in Park Lane—that road facing the Park whose name has become another word for wealth and fashion. The house is a square, massive building with a pillared portico, approached by a red graveled drive. As the long line of carriages dragged slowly along under police supervision, many of their occupants left them and walked the few steps to the door of the house, thus shortening their journey by fifteen or twenty minutes. Probably a greater number than is usual in London followed this plan, for this was an assemblage of American citizens, and they have a way of shortening distances. It was an occasion of special significance, for not only was it the annual Fourth of July reception, with which citizens of the United States resident in London celebrate with delightful frankness their Declaration of Independence, but it was the first reception given by the American Ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, after his assumption of office. There was another significance, one of a different character, to be attached to the day, for the death of Mr. John Hay had caused the postponement of the reception to a later date than the Fourth. This loss of the old friend with whom he had enjoyed over forty years of close union and harmony had cast a deep shadow over the early days in London of the new Ambassador, and was doubtless in his mind and that of Mrs. Reid at times as they graciously received their guests and the guests of their country. Dorchester House is probably the largest and most palatial residence occupied in Europe by the Ambassador of any country. It is the property of Captain Holford, who has the name of being the wealthiest commoner in England, and who has been a close personal friend of King Edward since his youth. For some years the building remained unoccupied on account of its size, the expense entailed in occupying it being so great that it could be borne only by a man of great wealth. This consideration is doubtless one that would have its due weight in causing the abandonment of the idea of its purchase by the American people as the permanent home of their Ambassador in London. There is no doubt, however, that never before has the home of the American Ambassador in London been so well suited to the purposes which now play so important a part in international relationships. At purely American receptions, when the general desire is that the National family party should include all its exiled members, previous residencies have considerably taxed the strategic powers of those who were responsible for maneuvering the forces. And, as usual, it was the commissariat department that felt the strain most acutely. Startling incidents took place. Sandwiches were surreptitiously imported by enterprising

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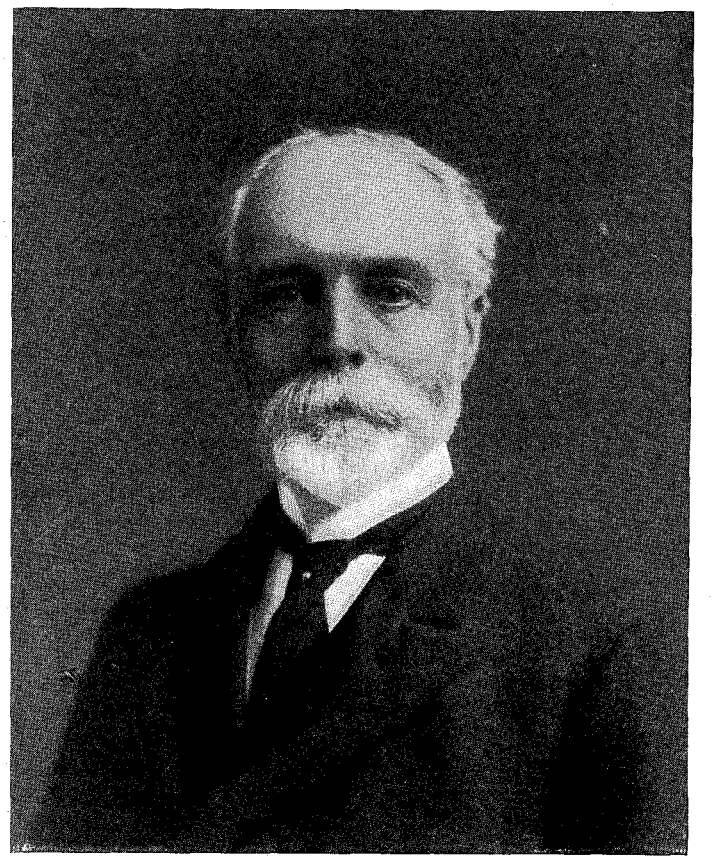
caterers, and sold to visitors, hungry, but unable to penetrate the fashionable phalanx that forms like magic around the modern refreshment-table, and holds its own against all enemies save Time. Many London boarding-house keepers had come to regard the Fourth of July reception as a general field-day, perhaps intended by Providence to be some sort of a recompense for the loss sustained on the original date. To be an American citizen once a year had become second nature, and they escorted thither those anomalies called "paying guests," some of whom would probably be Americans *per se*, and not merely by virtue of their ancestry.

It is no wonder that arrangements are changed and that individual cards are now necessary to secure an entrance. About three thousand people visited Dorchester House that glowing summer day, but its spacious, cool, and handsome marble hall and staircase, its splendid gallery on to which opens a series of reception-rooms, its library lined with rare and costly books, its broad terraces and garden, had room and to spare for all. And surely the spirit of true hospitality has left a nation whose "at homes" are synonymous with "crushes," at which half the guests would be justified in feeling superfluous. Everywhere except around that battle-ground, the refreshment-room, which in this case was a covered-in terrace, there was abundant room. Here it was only the limpet tenacity with which, once reached, the board was clung to that prevented all from easily gaining access to it. The truth is that human nature will have to change, and not the size of rooms, before there will ever be sufficient space at refreshment-tables. Custom blinds, but it is doubtful if there



THE HON. WHITELAW REID
American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's

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is a more grotesque anachronism, to express it in the politest way, in twentieth-century life in fashionable circles than every excuse for human nature, however. To be truly hungry and at one and the same time unselfish is not given to many.

MRS. WHITELAW REID

the scramble for food indulged in by exquisitely attired, eager and therefore presumably hungry persons. There is Those who are, are recognized heroes in history. Further, if we as nations persist in employing policemen to tell us to

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stand in a queue, to keep on the pavement when watching a procession, and other things that any sensible man or woman knows without being told, we cannot expect to retain the ability to order ourselves without their aid. But on this occasion the American Nation justified its comparatively unpoliced condition, helped doubtless by the perfection of the arrangements.

Two bands played—one in a recess in the gallery, and the other on the thick soft turf of the garden, whither the coolness tempted a good many people. A diffused harmony pervaded the air and doubtless the hearts of the people.

THE LIBRARY

One expects every site in London to have historic associations, and those connected with Dorchester House have a certain piquancy in view of the Fourth of July and the present occupant of the place. The second Marquis of Hertford, the father of the builder of the original house, was in his time a frequent speaker in the House of Commons, always speaking, we are told, "if not with eloquence, at least with knowledge of the subject." In April, 1774, he opposed the motion for the repeal of the American tea duty, and three years later he moved the previous question on Wilkes's motion to repeal the American Declaratory Act. His son, who figures as Lord Steyne in "Vanity Fair" and as Lord Monmouth in Disraeli's "Coningsby," has left a more enviable record in his house than in his life, if all reports are true. Thackeray describes him as "that gentleman of the grand old school who, when he was in the Tenth Hussars, and dined at the Prince's table, would fall under it night after night." And again, "A noble Lord whom we shall call the Marquis of Steyne is said to have mulcted him [George the Fourth, when Prince Regent] of immense sums." The great Marquis married an equally great heiress, Maria Fagnani, whose beauty and whose parentage were famed for opposite reasons. Indeed, the paternity of the girl is still doubtful. All that is known is that it was claimed by George Selwyn, the wit

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and politician, who adopted her as his child, and also by the famous politician and roué, the Duke of Queensberry, both of whom left her large sums of money. The grandson of this couple, Sir Richard Wallace, bequeathed to his country Hertford House and all its priceless collections of pictures, etc. The "Wallace Collection" is viewed by thousands of people annually from all parts of the world, and a visit to London is scarcely complete without a sight of its treasures.

Religious, moral, generous and humane
He was; but self-sufficient, proud and vain;
Fond of, and overbearing in dispute;
A Christian, and a scholar, and a brute."

Wandering far from Dorchester House some may say, but in truth we are only a few yards away. The narrow street makes the massive block within its bold stone screen all the more imposing. And who can say that the lives lived leave no trace behind them, no subtle

THE SALON
Looking out on the gallery and main staircase

Dorchester House, after the manner of old big cities, rubs shoulders with a narrow winding street in which lived Mrs. FitzHerbert, who was undoubtedly the lawful wife of George IV., and who died in 1837. Here also lived the man who wrote Dr. Johnson's epitaph, and who was famous for never having said a harsh word of any one—except in this epitaph:

"Here lies Sam Johnson, Reader have a care;
Tread lightly, lest you wake a sleeping bear.

influence which helps to make on the finer etheric substance of our minds what we call "the impression a place gives," or its atmosphere? This street plays the part of one of Charles Lamb's "poor relations." Hyde Park, Park Lane, Dorchester House, look very prosperous beside it, but some of us are peculiar enough to like them all the better on account of it.

Dorchester House is noted as one of the largest and handsomest private residences in London. But any one who

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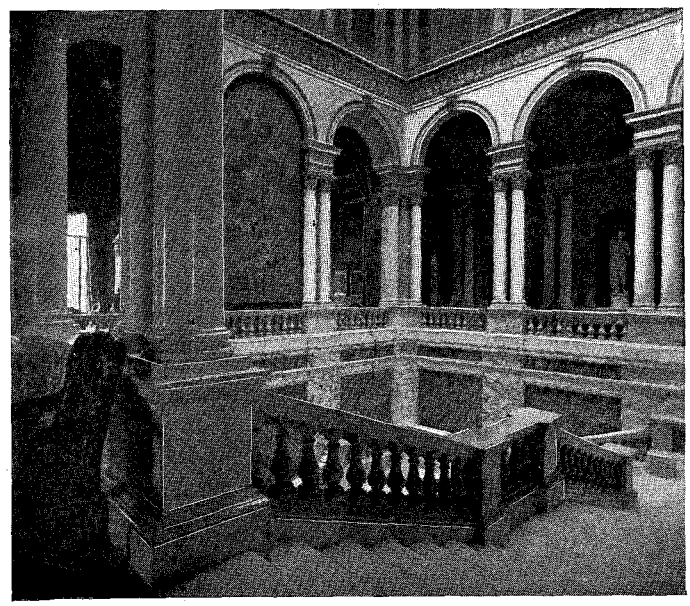
knows the sorry state of architecture not only in England but throughout Europe during 1800–50, the period in which it was built, will be apprehensive as to its beauty. And yet at that time conditions were more favorable in England than elsewhere. A wave of Gothic influence, largely due to Sir Walter Scott among others, had made itself felt in England though not in other countries, and to this is due the fact that probably in no other country could there have been erected at that time so creditable a pile as the British Houses of Parliament. This wave, however, had been spent, and the inevitable reaction had set in, this time towards the classic. Prince Albert, the consort of Queen Victoria, favored this style, and to its influence we owe the imitations of Italian palaces which rise up in English glades and valleys. For, as Ruskin has pointed out, the English have no national style of architecture, as there was in Greece and Egypt. And he ascribes this to the great diversity of configuration, building material, and climatic conditions in England. Greek architecture was produced by a people whose national life was confined within an area of fifty miles, in which, as well as in its colonies and dependencies, similarity of conditions obtained; and the same may be said of Egypt, though applying to a larger area. "In Rome architecture became less perfect, because more imitative than indigenous, and corrupted by the traveling and conquering and stealing ambition of the Roman; yet still a school of architecture because the whole of Italy presented the same peculiarities of scene."

We are therefore prepared for still worse when the English build in the grand manner. But Dorchester House from the exterior can give us only feelings of relief. It has been said that the simplicity of Italian architecture is not that of utility, but that of pride. And although we may criticise the mixture of pure Doric, Corinthian, and Italian to be found in it, nevertheless the result is undeniably one of great dignity and simplicity and strength. The size of the principal cornice, which displays a large amount of carving, may be judged from the fact that the stones composing the chief projection are each eight feet square. Its depth causes a fine play of light and shadow over the building. From the point of view of workmanship the house would be difficult to surpass. The walls are three feet ten inches thick, with a cavity of five inches. The stones are all "doweled" together with slate dowels. That is, the adjacent stones are fastened together by slate dowels which fit into a



THE MARBLE STAIRCASE AND GALLERY

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cavity in each. It is not surprising, therefore, that it is said that when the proverbial New Zealander comes to the desolate site of London in a thousand years' time, he will find the ruins of Dorchester House still standing—a distinction which its builder, Louis Vulliamy, would no doubt appreciate.

The interior is in keeping, although more ornate. Different though light-colored marbles are used in the hall and grand staircase, and the tesselated floor still further adds to the gorgeousness of the effect. The broad gallery to which it leads, with its open arcades and mural paintings, invites one to enter the large suite of drawing-rooms, and once there it is not easy to leave, for the walls are lined with one of the best collections of pictures in London. Philip IV., life size, by Velasquez, is there, the Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto, and a wonderful luminous painting by Cuyp of his own Dutch seaport home. Claude and both the Poussins are represented by landscapes, and there are also celebrated works by Murillo, Vandyck, Teniers, Greuze, and two exquisite sketches by Rubens—one of the Entry of Henry IV., made for the painting in the Luxembourg collection, and the other made for the Assumption of the Virgin, the picture over the high altar in the Antwerp Cathedral.

Although Dorchester House is supplied with a private as well as a public staircase, most of their compatriots will sympathize with its present inmates in the additional improvement made by two elevators which were added to it by them.

It is a far cry from 1776 to 1905. And this was probably the thought of many as they wandered through the Dorchester House on that famous anniversary. Some present that day thought of a later struggle, and also of the distance in achievement between the newspaper office of the Cincinnati "Commercial" and the American Embassy in London. To some it seems a long time, to others only a few years, since "Agate," the youthful war correspondent, brought his paper into prominence by his daring and shrewd criticisms of the different generals and their plans of campaign. One of the results to him personally was that he became the aide-de-camp of one of them. It seems a natural thing that years later, after his editorship of the New York "Tribune," in which the policies of nations were subjected to criticism and suggestion, he should be asked to become aide in a larger field. We leave him at his work, with the consciousness that he is still the campaigner, and that although he is in what has been called a noble Italian palace and is its *grand seigneur*, so far as it affects his inner being, Dorchester House is merely the most convenient and commodious tent he could find in London. That is not to say, however, that he does not appreciate its beauties.

The Singers

By William Wallace Whitelock

One fought through error to the truth—there clung
  The stain of mire to his robe,
And so, when won the light at last, he sung
  The chastened song of Job.

Another to the voice was ne'er untrue
  He'd heard his childish heart within—
And, lo! he sang of joy unmixed with rue,
  To hearts to his akin.

Which sings of truth the clearer of the twain?
  Whose song will echo from the past
To gladden hearts unborn, as gladdens rain
  The parching earth at last?

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TARRY AT HOME TRAVELS[1]

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

"My mind impels me to write on places where I have been and on some of the people whom I have seen in them"

FIFTH PAPER

Rhode Island

THE Island of Rhode-Island is in Narragansett Bay. Fashion is not a fool, and fashion in America has selected the Island of Rhode-Island as the best place to live in for six months of the year. From this beautiful island the "State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations" is named. "Little Rhody," as it is affectionately called by its inhabitants. The books will tell you that Rhode Island was named by its discoverer, Adrian Block, from the island of Rhodes in the Ægean Sea. But the books give no reason, nor does anybody give any reason, why Adrian Block should have named the island which he discovered after the Ægean; nobody knows that he ever was in the Ægean.

According to me, when Block swept into Narragansett Bay he found a splendid grove of rhododendron. If you wish to be accurate, this was the rhododendron maximum of Gray and the modern botanists. It is the finest flower in the American flora. Adrian Block saw it then for the first time.

"Roses all around the strand,
Roses on the upper land."

According to me, Block named the island Roses Island when he saw this magnificent spectacle. If you will come and see me where I write, not far away, and come before July is over, I will take you into a rhododendron covert, where you may see the same thing. So far as I know, no one excepting the immediate circle of my dearest friends believes in this interpretation or etymology. But it is within this generation that I published it to the world, and we will still hope that it will gradually reach its place at the head of the theories about the name of Rhode Island.

As I have said already, the best way to go to Newport is to go in a friend's yacht from Providence. The voyage may take you a longer or shorter time according as the yacht has steam power or has not; according as winds are north or south. But you will not care much for that. It will be a pleasant voyage, anyway. So pleasant is it that you will not be far amiss if, going to New York from Boston, you go as your grandfather used to do—in a steamboat from Providence. It is not so large as the Fall River steamboat, but it gives you this charming bay. Every inch of that has its story, if you should happen to find some old sachem who can tell you that story. "Story? God bless you!" Yes. Stories of Roger Williams, of Canonicus and Canonchet, of Wampum (ask William Weeden to tell you that); stories of King Philip, and of Tower Hill, and of the Narragansett fight; stories of the capture of the Gaspee; stories of the capture of Prescott, stories of Rochambeau, of Chartellus, of Lafayette and the hundred brave Frenchmen; stories of a thousand pretty girls whom they danced and flirted

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ROGER WILLIAMS

From a lithograph

"Dear Roger Williams, he went and came in this region, he traversed our beautiful lakes in his canoe, and he learned the language of Canonicus and the rest, and preserved it for posterity"

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with; stories of the slave trade, of the De Wolfs and the Hoppers; stories of clambake—stories enough even if the voyage should last from June to October. And by the time you come to the rough turning of Point Judith you will be asleep in your stateroom and the rough sea will not trouble you.

Point Judith—just a word about Point Judith. Dear old John Hull, the same who coined the first silver money for Massachusetts and showed to Cromwell and King Charles and the sachems of New England that Massachusetts had the sovereign rights of coining money—this same John Hull had a daughter Judith. If you are well up in your Hawthorne, you know that the night Samuel Sewall (afterwards Chief Justice, the same who hanged the witches) married Judith Hull, old John Hull, her father, put her into one scale of the balance and poured pine-tree shillings into the other enough to weigh her down. One hundred and twenty-five pounds sterling the girl weighed, if you will trust me who have read the same in the manuscript ledger of her new husband. This, according to Hawthorne, was her dower.

Well, this same John Hull and his sometime son-in-law Sewall went into a fine speculation in the southern part of Rhode Island, and bought the Petaquamscot Purchase from the Indians of their day. If you care, dear reader, it is in my own house in the Petaquamscot Purchase, overlooking, when I look out of the window, Point Judith, that I am dictating these words. Well, dear old John Hull, whose grandchildren's great-grandchildren came in here just now with the Providence "Journal," wanted to give to this outlying Point a name, and he gave it Judith Hull's name, I think before she was Judith Sewall. One of my New Hampshire correspondents, sniffing at the ocean and all it brings with it, asks me if he named Judith Hull from Point Judith; if she were misty and frigid and stormy and disagreeable in general, and if it were fair that he should borrow the name from the storm-washed point for the baby who was to be, as it proved, to be the ancestor of heroes. Dr. Holmes's Dorothy Q, for instance, is in that line. But the New Hampshire correspondent is all wrong. Judith Hull was not named from Point Judith; Point Judith was named from Judith Hull.

And while we are gossiping about the first Petaquamscot Purchase I may as well say that some of the Narragansett Indians took Roger Williams to what we call here "Sugar Loaf Hill" and bade him survey the prospect. One is reminded of the "exceeding high mountain" of another story. They told Roger Williams, who seems to have believed it, that some of their ancestors went from Petaquamscot to the regions of the Blue Hills in Massachusetts. And they gave Roger Williams to understand that when the Massachusetts people exiled him to the Narragansett country he came back to the center of New England civilization, which lay around these waters of what we call "Salt Pond." What I know is that when Judge Sewall died, he and his wife Hannah left a farm of five hundred acres here at Petaquamscot to Harvard College, and the College still uses the income towards the "support and education of youths at college, especially such as shall be sent from Petaquamscot aforesaid, English or Indian, if any such there be." So we are trying to repay Judith's debts. Hannah, if anybody cares, was the successor of Judith.

Roger Williams soon found, I think, that the Puritan oligarchs of Massachusetts Bay had "kicked him upstairs," as our English friends say. He wrote to somebody that in our Rhode Island country he had seen at one time strawberries enough in fruit to load a ship with. Indeed, it is in this same letter that we have the famous epigram of his friend Dr. Boteler, that God might have made a better berry, but that he never did. Dear Roger Williams, he went and came in this region, he traversed our beautiful lakes in his canoe, and he learned the language of Canonicus and the rest, and preserved it for posterity. He has left us one and another of side-lights on his time which interpret to us his own good sense and religious philosophy.

I am fond of saying that I like to live in New England and that I like to live in the South; that Providence has, there-

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fore, chosen for me this summer home of mine as far south as one can go and stay in New England all the time. This is certain, that our poor scattered Algonquins, be they Pennecooks or Mystics or Naticks or Abernakis or Abergins, as they froze in our average New England temperature of 43 degrees, felt their blood run faster and life more beautiful when a south wind blew in upon them. So in their imaginative mood they fancied that heaven was in the southwest. They thought they were nearer heaven in Rhode Island than they were on the slopes of the White Mountains. If they could keep in the open air here more than they could there, they were right in this conception.

Whatever the legend of "Sugar Loaf Hill" may be worth, there is no doubt that the Narragansetts, who made this region their home, were the superiors in government, in commerce, in language, in the whole range of savage civilization, of all the New England Indians. Williams liked them and they liked him, and for the first fifty years his relations with their leaders proved to be of great value to the infant confederacy of New England. According to me, his studies of the Indian character with his studies of the Indian language are the most important documents of that time which we have left in our too scanty ethnological libraries.

Do not neglect by any means to go to Bristol, quaint, old-fashioned, historical, and beautiful. You see there were days when the maritime commerce of Bristol was, I think, quite equal to that of New York; certainly it was in advance over that of Boston. To hold the Narragansett Bay was the ambition of the English commanders through the Revolution. And there is many a Revolutionary story, now of battle, now of adventure, now of intrigue, of these waters and of these shores. Look on the right pane of the right window and you shall find where some modest redcoat wrote on the glass what he seems not to have dared to say to the face of "the incomparable Miss Abby Brown."

FRANCIS WAYLAND
After a photograph by Manchester
"Francis Wayland, who gave Brown University its fame for half a century"

It was the Bristol slave-traders whom

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Mr. Webster rebuked in his Plymouth address of 1820. 1808 marked the year when the slave trade was prohibited almost of course by Congress. But the shackles were still forged in Bristol County in Massachusetts, and the shackles went from Bristol in Rhode Island to the West African shore.

The yachtsmen still exult in the name of Herreshoff, and in the fame which Bristol has won when she has sent out such boats as the Puritan and the Volunteer and the other champions of the sea. Whoever wants to see one of the finest memorials of the finest old life of New England must obtain an introduction which shall open to him the doors of Herreshoff homesteads.

Bristol does not send shackles to Africa any longer, but very likely, my dear Annabel, when you walk across the snowy sidewalk next December you will be wearing Bristol overshoes. I do not mean to intimate that they are too small for those pretty feet.

I think the audacity of the Rhode Islanders in their early conflict with the English navy on one point and another of Narragansett Bay gives them the highest place in the chronological history of our independence. Our first Admiral Hopkins was a Rhode Islander. When he stole the powder from Bermuda and the Bahamas and sent it up to poor Washington at Cambridge, he did the right thing at the right time. Paul Jones never can say too much of his Narragansett seamen. In those days, indeed, Rhode Island supplied the West Indies with what they wanted to eat and with the horses which the Bermudans rode upon. We have changed all that, for horses and wheat now go from another valley nearer the West Indies and far away from New England. But in those days Berkeley, resting here as he made the preparations for the great American College at Bermuda, gave Newport its first fame among men and women of letters. And he is remembered here as I suppose he is not remembered anywhere else but in California. "Westward the star of empire takes its way." I have no Rhode Island excursion which pleases me more than my visit to the Berkeley Museum which the Colonial Dames have established in Berkeley's old home at Newport. A good portrait of Berkeley is among the treasures at Yale College in New Haven, where Berkeley made himself a real friend. "The Minute Philosophy" and others of the really scientific philosophical books—Mrs. Eddy would say prophetical books—were thought out in Berkeley's walks at Newport. I have fancied that the freshness of the sea breeze and the tonic of the surf might be traced in them to this day.

Something—and the reader must tell me what—has given to the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations a race of Idealists such as is hard to parallel elsewhere in a period so short as the time since Roger Williams landed at Mosshassuck. Here is Williams himself, with all his claims to being the earliest prophet of real freedom of conscience. Here is Berkeley; there are the traditions of George Fox, and the warm welcome which Rhode Island gave him. For here was the one haven of rest for the Quakers in the days before William Penn established for them another. I have worshiped in the Quaker meeting-house which was built in honor of George Fox's first visit here. It must have been that the absolute independence of every man as he approaches his God, not to say of every hamlet as it built its roads or its school-house, had something to do with this vein of mysticism or idealism which runs all through Rhode Island history. Here was Samuel Hopkins, with his protest against the slave trade when the slave trade was all the fashion in Providence and in Rhode Island. And here was William Ellery Channing, who remembered his own shudder when as a boy he heard Hopkins describe hell fire with enthusiasm. Here was Rowland Hazard, first of that honored name, who taught us that man is a creative force, the first antagonist to Jonathan Edwards worthy of his steel. Here was Jemima Wilkinson, who led to New York the first colony which was tolerated by the savage Iroquois. Here was Alice Rathburn, the charm of whose eloquence is still referred to with love by the old people up and down through the "South County," while no word that she said has been remembered.

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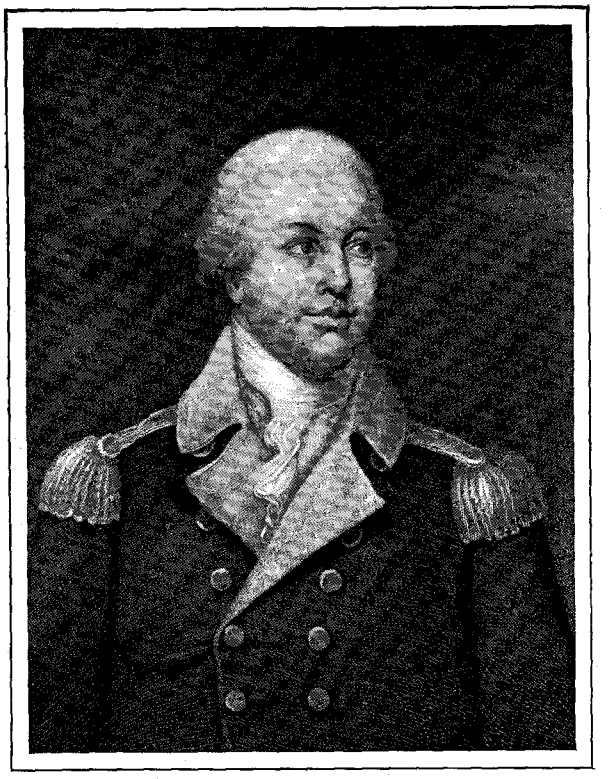

MAJOR-GENERAL NATHANAEL GREENE
After the painting by J. Trumbull
" When you come to spend your six months in Rhode Island, do not forget to find out Greenwich, which was the home of the Greenes "

Indeed, it is the same individualism which to this hour makes the farmer build his house as far from the next one as possible. It was this same individualism which made Rhode Island the last of the Thirteen States to join in the Union. It was not, I think, that her leaders saw any special difficulties in the Federal Constitution. It was rather that they did not want to do what other people do. I am afraid that characteristic lingers among some of them to this day.

" George," said a friend of mine to his friend, " I hear thee is drawn on the jury."

" Yes, friend, I am on the jury. It is just in haying time, too !"

" Well, George, thee has only to listen to the other eleven, and agree to what the men of most sense say."

" Agree ! Friend, I shall agree with nobody !"

There is Roger Williams in the twentieth century.

Dear Richard Greenough used to say to me that in matters of art Newport was an American Venice. He used to ask me whether we might not manufacture a theory in which south winds off the sea, with those fogs which soften harsh outlines and that more even temperature which soothes all audacity, shall I say with a sort of dew which belongs to a high revelation half concealed,—he used to say that all this gave to men in the Italian Venice a charm of color, a certain indecision in outline and with it a wealth of fancy and imagination which had made the Venetian school of art. According to Richard, you may trace such influences of climate in the work of Titian, Savaretti, of Tintoretto, and the rest, and according to him there is a school of our American younger art which belongs to his American Venice, a Venice on an island, a Venice where you go about in boats, a Venice where the water plashes against your doorstep

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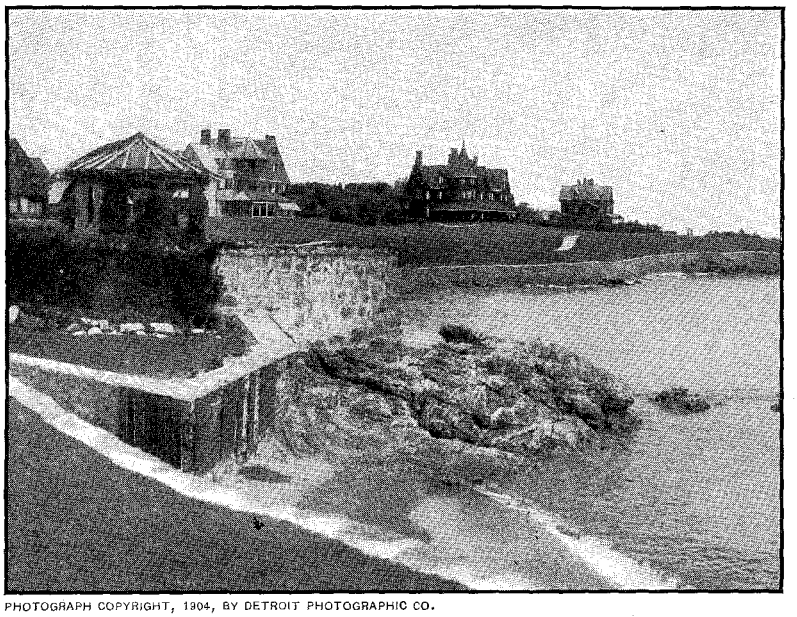
and where the south winds blow off the sea. He remembered that our dear old Smibert was established here, Copley's teacher. He said that such was the training-place of Malbone, of Gilbert Stuart, and Allston, and, in our later days, of Stagg. And why else had he gone down there to live himself? Where did Hunt go? and where is Miss Jane Hunt to-day? Why else does Mr. Richards make his home as near this Venice as he can? Why else are there so many pictures of the best on the walls of your friends in Providence and Bristol and Newport?



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OCHRE POINT, NEWPORT

'Fashion is not a fool, and fashion in America has selected the Island of Rhode-Island as the best place to live in for six months of the year"

I was talking one day with a very charming Rhode Island lady, who lived in Providence, whose benefactions have made her known to half the world. She said to me, very simply, "Yes, I had rather live in a workshop than in a trade-shop." She meant that she liked to live in a State where everybody you meet makes something. We call it manufacture, but they do not make things by hand any more. They set going a bit of machinery, and the wheels rattle and the pistons slide, while they go off to the tops of the Pyramids or to the South Antarctic or to reach the other Pole. Somehow or other, more things are made by these five hundred thousand people than are made by so many people anywhere else in the world, so they tell me, and I suppose it is true. When I go to Byfield, in Massachusetts, they tell me they first made woolen cloth there. I do not know how it is, but in South Kingston, here, they tell me that the first Rowland Hazard was the first person to weave woolen thread by anything like our modern machinery. What I know is that our Peacedale won the Imperial Prize at Paris as being the best organized town of manufacture in the world. What I know is that there is hardly a waterfall in Rhode Island which is not chained. I remember how a Providence man once said to me that there were twenty villages every Sunday in the broad aisle of the church where he worshiped God.

How does this happen? It happens thus. That the Gulf Stream moves silently and steadily along the shore. It feeds the fogs rising from the ocean and drifts slowly over the mainland. It means that the dew distills from heaven; if only men would remember that it is from heaven that it distills. So, when

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other streams run dry, the ponds in Rhode Island, my pond under my window here, Worden's Pond, six miles west of me, Quidnick Pond, Witchaug Pond, Mahwansecut Pond, are full while elsewhere men are talking of artificial reservoirs for their water and are shutting down their machinery because no water flows. Rhode Island is the first manufacturing State in the world, they tell me, because the good God of heaven made her ponds in these high lands which are not mountains and give her steady reservoirs, on which she can draw when the rest of the world is dry. Well, what we call material laws, as I study them, prove to belong in the will of the same God whom I call the Holy Spirit. Anyway, it happens, as we irreverently say, that by the side of Worden's Pond I find there grew up such a man as Corliss, who with one stroke enlarged the power of mankind by fifteen per cent. I wish that I thought mankind were grateful enough to him for the benefaction.

A State of idealists, you tell me. Yes, and of idealists who know what it is to bring in the kingdom. This is what Mrs. Richmond meant and what her life illustrated. We do not let women file right or file left or hold their muskets two inches from their noses; we do not let them fling themselves against the walls of Peking or Badajos; but such a woman as Mrs. Richmond or Miss Bradley signs a check, after she has taken advice, and then a dam is built across some stream and a turbine goes to work in the water, spinning-frames make thread of cotton or of wool, and the looms weave it into cloth soft enough, if you please, for the cradle of an emperor's baby; and close to the turbine and the waterfall and the spinning-frame and the loom are hundreds of happy homes where the boys grow up to be men and the girls to be women, with the sky blue over their heads, and the fields green out of the windows, and the forests all ready for the children to wander in and be happy in and build their castles of pine needles. I do not wonder that Mrs. Richmond liked to live in her workshop.

We must hurry away. We must go to Connecticut and see how they handle the problems there. But we do not leave Rhode Island without remembering the Browns, and Brown University, and Francis Wayland, who gave that University its fame for half a century. Let me ask in a parenthesis what is that matchless power by which some board of trustees picks out a young preacher named Francis Wayland "when he began to be about thirty years of age," and places him where he proves to be the first educator of his time? Remember that, ye boards of appointment who have to deal with the nominations of men who are to serve the world "when he began to be about thirty years of age." What Garfield said of Mark Hopkins could have been said of this leader of the last half-century, that you could make a university if you put Francis Wayland at "one end of a pine slab and his pupil at the other."

Nor let me forget Washington's great second. I asked Jared Sparks once what would have happened if Washington had been killed in any of the fighting around Philadelphia, in 1777, in the Revolution. Sparks said to me that if Nathanael Greene could have taken his place, all would have been well; that Greene was fit to discharge every duty which Washington discharged. And I think Sparks said that Washington knew this. You know the State of Georgia gave Greene a plantation because he rescued it. And when you come to spend your six months in Rhode Island, do not forget to find out Greenwich, which was the home of the Greenes, and spend a night, if you please, at the "Bunch of Grapes." Or go down, if you please, to hear the boys recite their Virgil in Greenwich Academy. And for one more person in Rhode Island, let me remind you of the charming story of John Carter Brown, the man who was willing to be linked with the despised and rejected John Brown of Harper's Ferry.

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The Horseshoe

By Eden Phillpotts

Author of "Children of the Mist," "The Secret Woman," etc., etc.

I.

WITHOUT a doubt 'tis the Board Schools as have made our childer so much wiser than us. For my part, I be a'most frightened to catch my grandson's eye nowadays, when I be uttering my opinions in general. My age is up home seventy-five, an' he's thirteen; but he often makes a face at my larning; an', for that matter, I ban't too much pleased wi' his sometimes. He comes back hot-foot wi' the latest ideas of his pupil-teacher, an' some of 'em in all conscience be as fansical as anything I heard when I was a boy—though 'tis called science now; an' my knowledge is called superstition.

Thicky hoss-shoe be a red rag to my grandson. "Luck!" he says, in his shrill voice: "really, grandfaither, at your time o' life, you did ought to know that there's no such thing as luck. Nought happens by chance," he says. "'Tis all a matter of nature's laws, an' things fall out because they must."

What fool have told him there's no such thing as luck, I can't tell 'e. A child's prattle ban't of much account whether or no; but show me the growed-up man who says "luck" be no more than a word, and I'll show you a zany.

Once my son's youngster was for pulling down the hoss-shoe an' flinging him on the rubbish heap. Then I up an' spoke to him short an' strong. "You touch it," I said, "an', so old as I am, I'll give you the properest hiding as ever a young youth catched for his sins. Luck or no luck," I said, "if it weren't for that hoss-shoe, *you* wouldn't be in the world for one; nor your faither neither. A imp like you, as ban't old enough to hop out o' the nest, yet to talk to me about principalities and powers and hidden things as if you was the gran'faither an' me the child! You bear yourself more seemly, Billy Maunder," I said to the lad, "an' possess your soul in patience; an' maybe, when you'm a thought older and a long sight wiser, you'll hear tell 'bout that hoss-shoe. Then, if you've got any of your faither's high sense and trust in God an' his ways, you'll be the first to cherish the hoss-shoe an' keep it 'pon your door same as I do."

He smiled wi' all the wisdom of thirteen in his round face; but he never dared to speak disrespectful of the hoss-shoe no more; for his faither, as became a wise man, was of my mind. He knew the tale, and he knew what "luck" meant as well as most; for there's nought makes you understand the force of the thing like having none yourself, but seeing the fortune that falls to your neighbors.

John Maunder was my son, and, but for the blessing of his parents, he'd drawn a blank. He was dogged with ill-fortune from the weaning, as his mother used to say. Smallpox he had at eighteen, and a comely countenance was marred by it. Then he had no luck wi' his wife, for she died when the blessed boy Billy was born; and he had no luck with his work, which was that of datcher—or thatcher as you would say. Not because he wasn't very clever at it, but because there comed to be less an' less call for it. 'Tis all correlgated iron nowadays, an' a datcher have got to go half across the kingdom to find full work an' full pay.

When John's wife went home an' left him wi' one little new-born babby, my son comed back and lived with me at Belstone. His mother was dead, and I had none to care over-much about me; so it all worked very suent, and us two men an' the child went on together. An' here we be still; yet after more than twelve year of it I do sometimes think he be hankering in his slow way for another female.

I've knowed him to look at the hoss-shoe rather curious of late, an' once he said: "'Twas a masterpiece, sure enough, it brought to you. I wonder if my bad

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luck's over, an' if I shall ever come 'pon a hoss-shoe to bring me the wonnerful fortune as that one fetched."

Then, as us sat over our pipes of a winter night, wi' the boy sleeping snug in his cubby-hole under the roof of my cottage, John says this to me: "'Tis such a number of years now since I heard tell the story, that I shouldn't be sorry to refresh my mind wi' it, if you'm agreeable, faither."

So I up an' stuffed my pipe afresh and told him the self-same tale as I be going to tell you. Others may forget it; but for me 'tis fresh as hope to this day, and will be till I go down to the pit.

Fifty an' more years agone I lived to Sticklepath, an' one fine afternoon, having been to a revel in Okehampton, I must needs come back-along over the Moor. I was only jolly—no more; but well I remember being much bothered wi' two cocoanuts an' a packet o' fairing as I was carrying back to my sister—a maiden as never had over-much nature in her, and, for that matter, died on her twenty-fourth birthday.

Up over, where the sojers come nowadays an' bang their cannon and cut the place to pieces wi' their horses an' gun-carriages, I chanced to meet a man going in the Moor gate. Then one of my cocoanuts must needs roll away again; an' the chap stopped it with his foot, just afore it went into Moor Brook. I thanked him, and the simple soul axed what it might be that I was taking along so careful.

"'Tis a cocoanut as I won at the revel down to Okehampton," I said.

"Lord!" he said, "I've heard of 'em, but I've never seed one afore."

"Us 'll sit 'pon this here stone an' I'll scat un abroad, an' you shall taste un," I says.

"Ban't poisonous, I hope?" he axes me.

"Bless your life, my dear, half the heathen in foreign parts live on 'em," I told the man.

He was a sandy-headed, amiable sort of young fellow, an' lived to Belstone. His name was Ned Bloom, an' he had a good few relations in them parts. I knowed some of his family well enough, but had never met with him.

Well, we ate the nut to the shell, an' he much enjoyed it, and offered to see me home, for he said afterwards that he reckoned I was a bit more than market-merry, and he felt sure I should never get my other cocoanut and the fairing back safe if there wasn't somebody there to help me—specially over the river.

"No," I said, "I won't let 'e do no such thing, for I'm steady as time an' don't see nought double worth mentioning; but I'll come along with you, for Belstone's on my way; an' us'll have a drink at the 'Hearty Welcome' for luck."

It comed out after that he worked to Arscott's quarry and was a very respectable and well-thought-upon young chap.

On we went, talking 'bout them as we was commonly acquainted with, and then just by that hill that falls down to West Oke River under Harter Farm, what should I see but a spick an' span hoss-shoe lately cast and shining in the evening light like silver!

"A bit of luck, mate," I said; an' afore you could speak the word I'd bent down, catched up the trophy, and flinged it wi' my right hand over my left shoulder. 'Twas a gert cart-hoss-shoe, and I flinged it hard.

"Hell!" shouts out Ned Bloom. "What have you been an' done now, you silly fool!"

I looked round and there he was, dancing, wi' the shoe at his feet and both hands over his right eye.

'Twas a terrible come-along-o't, an' only God's mercy that I hadn't cut the chap's eye out of his head an' dropped it on the ground like a poached egg.

"I'm blinded!" he says—"blinded for life so like as not. My poor mother 'n' sister! 'Tis the 'house' for 'em if I'm done for."

I cussed myself blue for a know-nought gert lout; but I was proper terrified, I warn 'e, because, looking at the poor chap's eye, I seed that all the life was out of it, and it had shrunk back in the head of the man like a pricked bladder.

"Best to tie the member up an' take me so fast as you can to a doctor," says Bloom.

He was a darned sight calmer than I was, I'll allow. But the thing I'd done

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very soon sobered me down. I knowed too well what 'tis for work-folk to lose their sight, and I felt if the worst overtook the poor fellow, I should have to try an' do his job as well as my own for evermore.

"There's no doctor to Belstone except between ten and twelve Mondays and Fridays," he said; "so you'd best to lead me back-along to Doctor Pierce in Okehampton so quick as it can be done."

With that I tied up his eye, as seemed to have fallen into his head worse than ever; and I took his arm and we marched back that awful long tramp to Okehampton.

He suffered a terrible lot of pain; and one thing brightened up his mind, and one thing made it rather dreary.

I beginned about how I'd work for him till he could get to it again, and he said: "That's all right so far as it goes. My Provident Society, the Order of Dartmoor Druids, will look after me for a bit; but 'tis the future I'm dreading, because when one eye be took out of the eyehole, it often chances that t'other gets rotten too, an' so a man's left wi' no light at all."

"Don't think of such a gashly thing," I said, trying to be cheerful. "We can't say yet if you've lost an eye. There may be enough to build up a new eye upon. There's nothing as doctors can't do nowadays, and 'tis well known that Pierce be one of the best." But, wi' my weak an' tender nature, my voice shook while I talked to the man.

'Twas a beastly wet evening, and we went palstring through the mud, and I never thought we'd get to Okehampton at all. For all my cheerfulness, I feared his poor eye was really gone, because I'd no idea a bust eye can mend and get round again, and fill out, and work so well as ever; but the doctor was to home by good chance, and he put some cautcheries to the eye, and cheered us a thought, and said as he'd come and see Ned same evening. The eye was to be kept in the blackness of the plague of Egypt, and the best luck as could happen to Bloom, if all went right, was that the doctor might be able to let in light in a month or so. But he paid little heed to that along of the joy of knowing that his sight would most likely be spared to him.

He didn't bally-rag me, and he axed me to say no more about it; and when I damned the hoss-shoe for all I was worth, and wished I'd lost my own eyes afore they dropped on the cussed thing, he almost laughed, and said I was a chuckle-headed fool to talk that way, because such an accident might have happened to any lively man who found a hoss-shoe and didn't stop to think if there was somebody walking just behind him.

Presently I got a spring cart and drove him home; then I took the cart back to Okehampton; and then I went home myself wi' my tail between my legs. My sister axed for her fairing, poor dear; but I answered a bit short, I'm afraid, and told her the devil knowed where that was—I didn't. For when the masterpiece of misfortune fell upon me, I'd dropped her parcel and t'other cocoanut on the Moor, and forgot all about them. She forgived me without a murmur; and my mother, who was old and tootlish, went down on her knees in the parlor and thanked the Almighty to hear that the man wasn't going to have the law of me. An awful fear of the Law she had. Then she began about my taking the pledge, in her usual obstinate and determined fashion; and, as I always did at these oneasy times, I promised I'd do it with the light of the very next day.

II.

Come Sunday I sneaked over, meek as Moses, to have a tell with Bloom and make my apologies to his people; and I took him two ounces of shag tobacco and the first gooseberries of the year picked off our own trees, for to make a little pie for the poor chap. He was sitting in darkness, and the Lord knows I'd have liked to do the same; but his women-folk had me out in the light and axed questions enough to sink a ship, till I felt the same as a criminal in the dock, and fancied how sentence of death could only be a question of time. The man's mother was gentle, as mothers will be. She'd seen worse trouble than this, and knowed I was young myself, and found out quick enough I was cut to the heart about it, and meant to do

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the right thing if it cost the boots off my feet; for I'm a soft-hearted toad, and if I'd been harder I might have made the world bend to me a bit more than ever I have done. But his sister—Miss Tryphena her name was—dash my wig, she did rub it in! A little bungy woman, small and neat as a bantam hen, wi' beautiful black eyes that went through you and out behind, and a tongue—not sharp exactly, but awful well able to curl up the hardihood of a man; and wi' a way of seeing your excuses and answering 'em afore you'd made 'em. I never want to spend a worse ten minutes than I did with her while her mother went to see if Ned would care to have a talk with me; yet, all the same, I felt her loveliness and neatness more'n her hard words.

"A pretty thing," she began, "to play them May-games like that! and I don't care who hears me say so. You ought to know better, Mr. What-you-call-yourself."

"My name be Mr. James Maunder," I answered her, very polite.

"Poor chap, to lie at the mercy of the first fool—" she began. But that didn't go smooth, so she started again.

"Of course you was drunk, or you'd never have done such a rash an' wicked deed," she went on.

"Begging your pardon, I wasn't," I answered; "else how could I have helped the poor fellow back to the doctor's? Market-merry I may have been, as many a better man before me; but bosky-eyed I was not, an' God Almighty—"

"That'll do," she snapped out. "Us don't want none of your swearing here."

"We had just eaten a cocoanut, miss," I told her.

"Eaten a fiddlestick!" she replied.

Then, after a few more efforts to get her to hear sense, her mother luckily comed down-house and told me I might go up and see Ned. So up I went, an' glad to go, an' of course I found the man, despite his troubles, a darned sight more sensible than his sister. He was very glad of the 'baccy, an' thanked me for bringing it, an' said as the doctor was much pleased with his eye and hoped all would be well in a few weeks.

"Which I do too, so help me," I said to the man.

Then us had a tell, an' I seed there weren't a spark of malice in un. In fact, he talked just as civil as I might talk to you.

"I'm afraid your sister won't never pardon me, mate," I said. "She've given me a proper dressing down, I do assure 'e."

"Don't you take no heed of it," he advised. "Tryphena be glumpy and glowry sometimes, an' there's a touch of lemon in her without a doubt, but she's all right at heart."

"'Tis a lesson to me, I'm sure," I told the man. "Never a drop will I take again outside meal-times."

Then I left him after an hour or so, and crept downstairs.

"Hoss-shoes! I'd hoss-shoe him!" said the young woman to her mother very loud, as I sneaked out.

Three days later I went again, and it got to be a regular thing for me to do so. I told the chap the news and cheered him up best ways I could, and without a doubt he looked for my coming. He mended slowly, but the doctor was well satisfied with his progress, and wouldn't let the cure be hurried.

Then came a tragedy; for Arscott, the mean-spirited beast, turned off Ned Bloom from his quarry and said he couldn't wait no more for him. Old Joshua Bloom brought the news, and said 'twas all of a piece with Arscott's character, and foretold as Ned would never get another job. But Joshua was a man who never took a very hopeful view of life, and he had "workhouse" written on his own forehead, for that matter.

That night I had the bad luck to meet Tryphena in the lane as I comed away; and she talked to me again very forcible, and said I was a "gallyvanting robber" and a "itemy toad," and a few other things as didn't meet the case at all. Of course you can't say much to a female—especially a good-looking young one—but my manhood rose up in me, gentle as I was, and 'twas getting dark too, so I couldn't see her flashing eyes. Therefore I just spoke to the point and chanced it.

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"You're a little cross-grained baggage," I said, "and 'twould sarve you very well right if I was to give you a good shaking. For two pins I would! What the dowl more can I do than I have done? 'Twas a cruel accident, and no more to blame in me than the needle be to blame when it slips and pricks your finger. And I won't have no more of your sauce, so I tell you. Next time you let your tongue run against me, I'll—I'll do something as will astonish you."

"Then 'twill be something sensible," she snapped out; and of course I let her have the last word and went on my way. 'Twas only a windy threat, for what could I do really? Besides, I thought the world of her in secret, and would gladly have killed the man who laid a finger on her.

Then Ned got better, and couldn't meet with no work; and him and me grew very friendly; and I felt as if I'd have given the coat off my back ten times over to find him a decent job with good money to it. But, beyond the handling of rough stone, he had no cleverness.

I'd left him the last day he was to be in the dark, and was walking back to Belstone by the fuzzes on the common, when I comed across his sister. We met in a cross-cut of the gorse, and never did she look neater, lovelier like, and more unkind of countenance. She 'peared doubtful how to act, so I spoke first.

"'Tis good news that Ned's going to see the blessed light to-morrow, miss."

"The blessed light ban't no use if you can't get no blessed work to do in it," she said.

"Be careful," I warned her.

"Careful! Perhaps you'd like to knock my head off, too, with a hoss-shoe—for luck?" she cried. "That for you!—I believe I hate the sight of you."

"Do you?" I said. "Then, by Heaven, you shall hate the taste of me too!" An' with that be shot if I didn't kiss her!

How I comed to do it I can't tell—such a backward chap with the maidens—but I did; and Tryphena turned into a raging fire; but she couldn't speak for astonishment. She stared, and I left her gasping and gurgling in the middle of the fuzz bushes, and took my hook so fast as I could run.

Next time I saw Ned 'twas out of doors, and I felt mighty pleased to meet him in the air, specially because, owing to a most unlikely chance, when drinking down to South Zeal in a strange public, I met a man as wanted a granite hand. So I was that full of the job I'd heard tell about, that for the moment I forgot Tryphena and my owdacious deed. Young Bloom was very much excited at what I told him, and I promised to see the man again and try and fix it up, and show him Ned's papers, which were very good. Just afore I left him I remembered.

"I hope your sister haven't got anything more against me?" I asked.

"Not as I know about," he answered. "She haven't named your name for a week. Though she's glummer than usual, if anything."

With that I fell a-thinking upon the wonderful nature of the female mind, and I had an awful longing to see her again and say how the thing had happened in a manner quite accidental and unexpected—owing to some twist in my character.

Next time I went 'twas evening, and I took a bit of good news with me, for I'd got the job for Ned all right, and with it went a shilling a week more than he'd took to miser Arscott's quarry.

But it happened that the young man and his mother was out seeing a neighbor, and so I found Tryphena all alone.

I expected a flare-up, and was ready for 'most anything, down to going on my knees for forgiveness; but she rose from her sewing, looked me up and down as gentle as a calf, and said: "Good evening, Mr. Maunder. I'm afraid Ned's out."

"Very glad of it," I answered her. "Longer he bides out, the better I'll be pleased."

"I'll tell him you've called," she said.

"I'll tell him myself," I replied to her. "I wish I thought you'd got such good news for me, Miss Bloom, as what I have for him."

Her bright eyes wasn't so bright as usual, and her manner was that mild that you'd hardly have thought she was the same maiden.

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"I've got no good news," she said, "an' never shall have. What be my life but to suffer an' suffer?"

"Nobody knows what 'tis to suffer till they'm married an' got childern," I told her—being a thing I'd heard my mother say. "The good news I want is to hear tell that you've forgiven me for my owdacious deed."

"You were mad," she said.

"There was method in it, however," I told her. "You mind what I said—that I'd surprise you."

"Yes—you did."

"An' you mind what you said: that if I done a sensible thing it would surprise you. So if you was surprised, 'twas a sensible thing I done."

"You ought to blush for it to your dying day, all the same," she said: "no man ever dared afore."

"An' no man shall ever dare again—but one; an' tis for you to name him, Tryphena Bloom. God's my judge, I've loved you ever since the first night you sauced me so sharp. An' the harder you was, the more I felt drawed. Now, Miss," I concluded, so dignified as I was able, "I shall be very much obliged if you will unfold your feelings and acquaint me if in course of time you could abide me or if not. If you can, then, please God, us'll begin keeping company from Sunday next onward till we'm tokened; if not, I must bear the shock of it best ways I can."

"Who be I?" she said, wi' her li'l' lips trembling an' her eyes all of a mist. "Who be I, to fill any man's heart? So short-tempered an' cranky as I be? If you'd slapped me, 'twas all I deserved; an' I thought you was going to do it when you met me in they fuzz-bushes; but you kissed me—you kissed me; an' I loved you from that minute, if not afore; an' what a poor little fool like me can do to better your life, that I will do. You'm a man," she said, "an' if there was more as had your pluck to kiss afore they spoke—"

There she choked, an' I had my arms around her, cuddling of her, and swearing, and kissing, and pawing of her about like a bear, when in comed her mother an' Ned.

"She'm mine!" I roared out—to set 'em at their ease like. "She'm mine—gwaine to marry me soon as ever I get a shilling or two on my wages; an' let nobody deny it, or I'll be the death of that creature!"

Mrs. Bloom got her darter away from me by main force, and told me I ought to be ashamed—such a mild young man as me—to go courting like a wild beast. But then the girl spoke for me and said 'twas all right, and she liked it that way; and that I was the husband for her; and that she loved me with all her heart and soul, and had done for weeks.

Then I turned to Ned and told him about his bit of luck; so he jolly soon had so good an opinion of me as his sister. And the mother, though her breast panted a bit with the excitement, an' she went fainty against the dresser, and broke a dish or two, nevertheless forgived me afore I marched out into the night an' went home like a conquering army.

And my Tryphena comed to the gate with me. Life not worth living? Who can take away the memory of the first time a loving woman comes to your arms? An' holding of your first little one, hot from under his mother's heart? What's Eternity got better than that?

I sat till church-clock telled three in the morning, thinking over that day's work; and ever since, when I sleep ill, and the cares of life bear hard, and I'm waking afore the winter dawns wi' old age gnawin', if the clock chimes three, I look back an' thank the Lord for what was, and the blessed memory of it.

Very first walk us took was up-along to the ford called Culliver's steps, and then over where I throwed the hoss-shoe, and near put out the light for my brother-in-law as was to be. And if us didn't find the iron there where it had falled! 'Twas my luck, you see—none else's; an' I gathered un up so careful as you please. An' my Try, she said, "Now let's look for the cocoanut, James."

But I said, "Oh, bless the cocoanut! Let it bide for the varmints to eat, so as they shall have their little bit o' luck out of it, too."

"You'm a soft old dear," she said;

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an' with that we sat down behind a stone, as we always did do when she spoke gentle things like that to me up 'pon the Moor an' nobody moving.

A year after, me an' her was married 'pon Easter Sunday—as good a day as there be in the year for that job. And I took my cottage to Belstone, an' the hoss-shoe was nailed to the door on our wedding-day.

Ned's luck held too, for the job he got stuck to him till he died, ten year agone; and he was a very well-thought-upon man, and rose to be Vicar's church-warden down to South Zeal—a thing much above his hopes.

As for me, here I'm lagging; but my sons and daughters carry on the name, and my grandson, for all his cheek, be made of scholarship, and may lift them as come after to a higher place among the neighbors.

My wife went on twenty year ago, an' as my son's wife died when Billy was born, we be widowers together. And it comforts me very much to know our women are together now, waiting hand-in-hand for us to come back to them.

A big family be like a flock of sheep that wanders over the hillsides of the earth. Some have the upland for their part, and some the meadows; some live long, and some short; some gather the fatness of life, some move by stony ways and bitter waters; but the Master never loses sight of one. He's ever ready and watching and willing. To the last little lamb, they shall all be gathered home to the fold, come their Shepherd calls out of the evening shadows.

The Former Things

By Priscilla Leonard

"There shall be no more night and no more sea."
—Yet to have known the tranquil twilight hour
And seen the slow sweep of the silver stars
Across the cold depths of the winter sky,
Or waited in the hush before the dawn;
To have been driven on the mighty wave
And dwelt within the curtains of the storm,
Or seen the tempest batter on the cliffs
Till it is broken to a murmuring peace
And all its surges softened into foam,—
Shall not the sons of men remember these,
Rejoicing they have known them, in the day
When sundering oceans and the pathless dark
Have passed away, and never can return?

"There shall be no more tears and no more pain."
—Yet to have known the patient hour of trust,
And seen the stars of faith and hope arise
Out of the blackness of a midnight grief,
Or grasped the robe of God within the dark;
To have been swept far from self's safe-laid course
Into the heart of all the human storm
Of sorrow, and have battled through the surge
Bringing some shipwrecked brother to the shore,
Or learned the secret of accepted pain,
The fellowship of suffering and woe—
Shall not the souls of men remember these,
Rejoicing in remembrance, in the day
When sacrifice for others and for God
Has passed away, and never can return?

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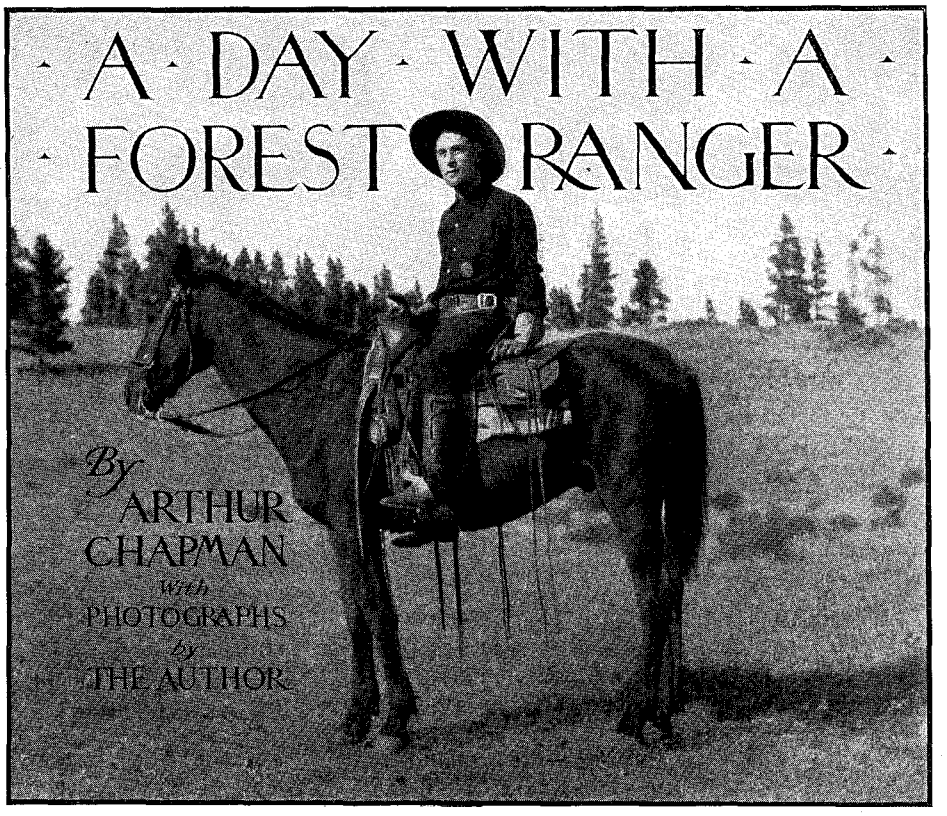
A DAY WITH A FOREST RANGER



By ARTHUR CHAPMAN
With PHOTOGRAPHS by THE AUTHOR

IN days to come, when the cowboys are all turned sheep-herders or "hired men," the forest ranger will be the one picturesque spot left in the great West. Hard riders, sure shots, and wizards of the trail when it comes to knowing the ways of the forest, they can be found to-day in any of the great forest reserves. Turn your pack-horses into the deep recesses of the gigantic Yellowstone forest reserve, adjoining Yellowstone National Park, and before your train has trudged ten miles there will be a lithe, brown-skinned young fellow at your side, politely asking your name and the nature of your business and warning you against shooting game out of season or starting fires in any season. Or enter one of the reserves in the mountains of the Southwest, overlooking one of those fascinating Arizona or New Mexico plains, and again you will be accosted by a forest ranger asking his inevitable questions. It is all very low-spoken and polite. There is none of the suspicious glare that you would get from a New York policeman. You are made to feel that you are not under suspicion, but that Uncle Sam merely "wants to know;" and he has appointed the finest young fellows in the land to find out for him.

When the first forest reserves were set aside a few years ago, thereby calling into existence the new office of ranger, it was only natural that the Government should have turned to the cattle range for its material. Consequently you will find the rangers to-day made up largely of ex-cowboys—men who have worn the "chaps," but who were deprived of their old calling when the ranches of the settlers began to cut the open range into the small squares of a checkerboard. These men take their favorite cow ponies into the service of the Government, for each ranger must furnish his own horse. The glamour of their old calling is still upon them, and they never speak otherwise than regretfully of the cattle days that have gone to return no more. It is only lately that the civil service system

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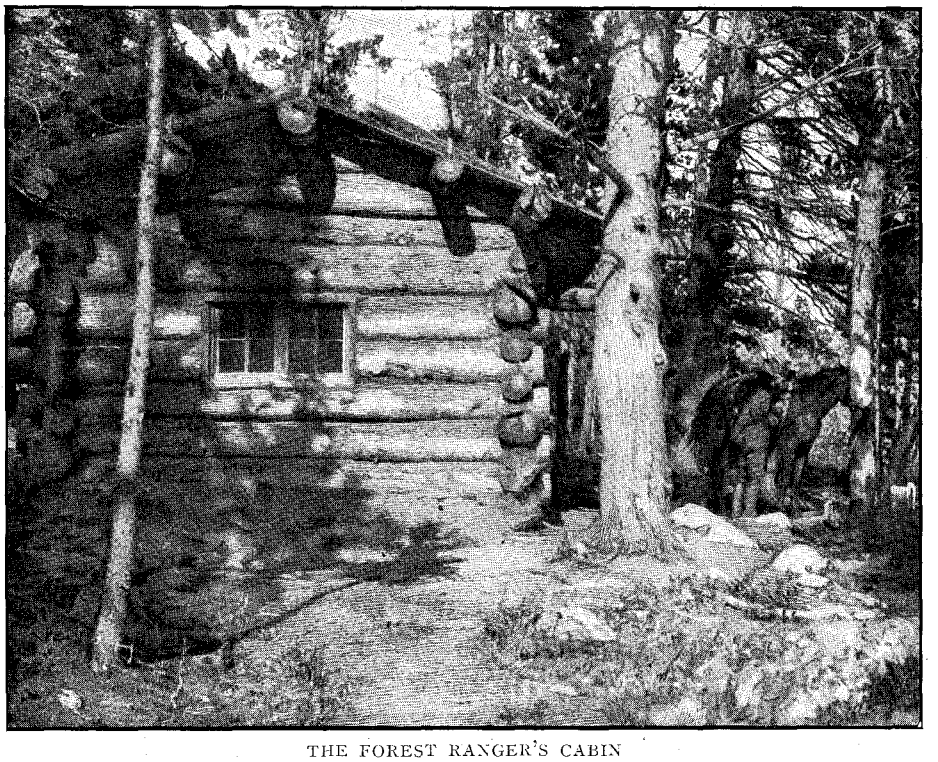

THE FOREST RANGER'S CABIN

has been applied to the ranger corps, but even this will not take the cowboy flavor from the calling, as a man, to be a good ranger, must know more about the horse and the wilderness than about books; and who knows more about horses and the wilds than your cowpuncher? The rangers get from $60 to $90 a month, and they are under forest supervisors who receive from $1,000 to $2,000 a year. Their duties, to quote from one of the coldly practical bulletins of the Department of Agriculture, "include patrol to prevent fire and trespass, estimating, surveying, and marking timber, and supervision of cuttings. They issue minor permits, build cabins and trails, enforce grazing restrictions, investigate claims, and arrest for violation of the reserve laws."

But from none of the Dry-as-dust literature of the Government can one get a clear idea of the charms of this new profession—for the possibilities to be achieved by the student are so great that it must be termed nothing else than a profession. In order to give an adequate idea of the duties of the forest ranger, let a hypothetical case be stated. Suppose you have been out many days on the trail—that the horses have cinch sores and the horse ranger is out of temper in consequence, that the "grub" is running low, that the potatoes have been gone for days, that cold weather has set in, and it has suddenly developed that the bedclothing under the big "tarp" is not sufficient to keep four men warm. Suppose all this, and that, with two weary days yet to travel, you meet a forest ranger, who asks you to follow him. You turn off the main road on to a faintly marked trail that leads down into a meadow, beside the noisy trout stream along which you have been traveling. As you emerge into a clearing, after passing through some bushes, you see a cabin set against some bench land a hundred yards from the stream. It shows but faintly in the gathering shadows of night, but something about the very sight of the rough little square of logs spells Home. As you enter you pass under a magnificent pair of antlers over the outside of the door. The ranger, who has helped unload your packs and turn the

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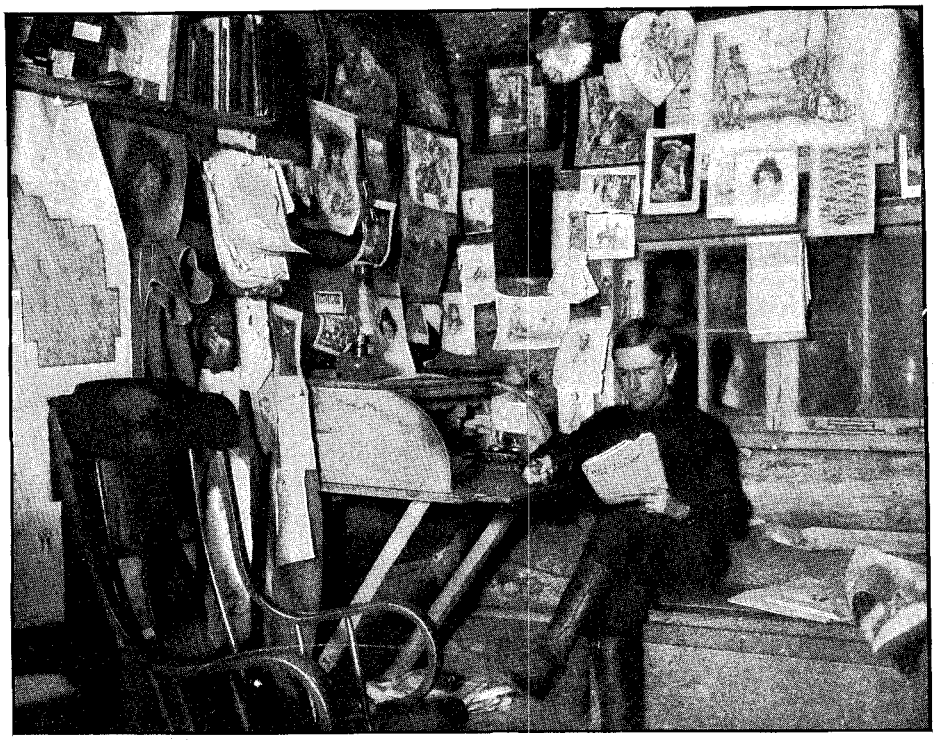

THE RANGER AT HOME

delighted horses out on the mesa where the grass is rich and abundant, soon has a merry fire going in the stove. There is a rough but wide bunk in one corner of the cabin, and several rifles leaning against the wall. Pictures from the magazines are pasted everywhere. A house cat mews and purrs in contentment about the ranger's feet, and he stoops to stroke it.

"I never know if I am going to find my cat when I come back," he says, half apologetically. "The bobcats and lions are thick, and puss is hunted as well as a hunter. She's been with me nearly a year now, and has a merry time bowling over squirrels and chipmunks and birds when I'm away."

As the ranger mixes dough for biscuit and puts a few potatoes in the oven, he tells you something of his life—all brought out by diplomatic and not too curious questioning. He is from Boston, and has been in the service only a few years. But it is evident that he has fallen in quickly with the ways of the country, and that he loves the life he is leading in the wilds. Before the meal is over—and it is a meal with which no housewife could find fault—you learn a good deal about this new calling that arouses your interest, and you conclude to remain a day and follow the ranger through the course of his duties.

While the other members of the party are out, after an early breakfast, succumbing to the allurements of the trout stream, you follow the ranger to the mesa, and soon your horse and his little Indian pony are saddled and you are off to the road to see if any one has traveled the highway since the preceding night. With practiced eye the ranger scans the road. To you it appears to be a confusion of wagon tracks and hoof-prints. But it is all a printed page to the man of the forest. He sees that nobody has been along the road for hours, and when you ask him how he knows, he replies with a laugh:

"It's all as plain as a pikestaff to me, but I can't explain why. I can tell the age of a pony track, and whether it has been made by a horse with a rider or without, and I can tell the tracks of led horses, but there's no use trying to

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explain why. It all has to come with this life, I guess."

Acting on the ranger's hint, you turn your horse, and soon are loping down the road to a sawmill which has been established here in the heart of the timber, miles from the nearest town. Turning into a road which is nothing more than a lane cut through the heavy timber, with the closely shorn stumps making wagon traffic something painful to think of, you arrive at the sawmill, set in a large clearing. Here are some of the usual evidences of the sawmill's destructiveness—huge logs piled here and there, immense piles of lumber, and an eloquent pile of sawdust that tells of the work of the giant circular saw. But somehow one gets an impression of order here that is not to be found in the ordinary sawmill camp off a forest reserve. The standing timber about the mill seems to be as thick as ever, yet there is the great pile of sawdust and the immense piles of lumber to tell of the work that has been going on. The forest ranger explains it all. It is the result of intelligent forestry. Instead of permitting the sawmill men to cut their way through the timber, choosing their own trees and spoiling as much as they will, the Government hedges them about with restrictions. The thinning out of trees must be done by the forest ranger force, and this means that it must be done intelligently and with an eye to the preservation of the forest rather than its destruction. The ranger must mark each tree that is to be cut down. This is done by blazing the tree well toward the bottom and about six feet from the ground and stamping each blaze with the magic initials "U. S." This stamp, which is driven in with a heavy hammer, must be found on every tree that is cut down. If a forest inspector happens along, as he is likely to do at any time, and finds that a sawmill man has been cutting trees not bearing the Government stamp, the contractor pays a heavy forfeit and probably loses his right to secure timber on Government reserves.

The ranger chooses his trees with care, and with a view to thinning out the forest to best advantage. A well-thinned forest is far better than one that is choked with too much growth. The trees grow larger and finer in every way, more snow can settle on the ground and will be preserved longer, thereby aiding in giving the streams their normal flow, and benefits will accrue in every way. Consequently the selling of timber from Government reserves is nothing but beneficial. But were the sawmill men permitted to do their own choosing, the timber would soon be stripped bare, and the manifold benefits which the forests bring to the country would be lost.

SCALING LOGS

Not only must the forest ranger be an expert in the art of thinning out a forest,

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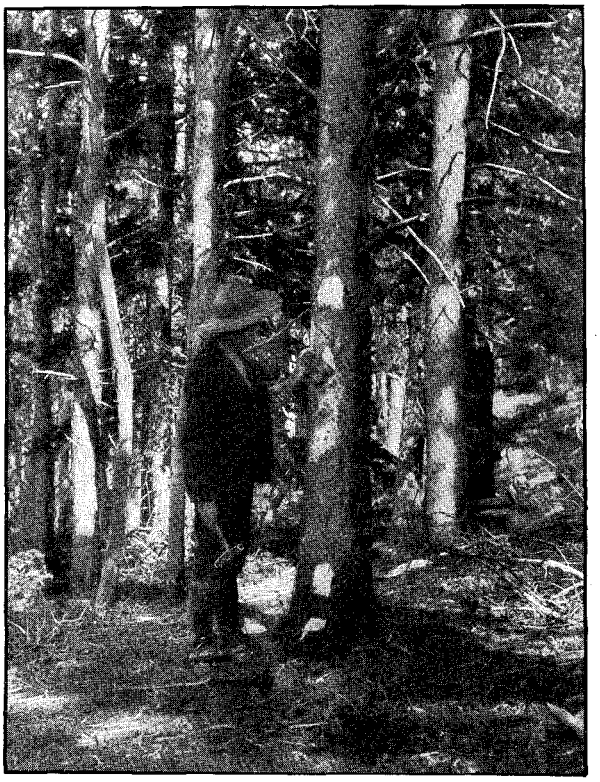
but he must keep careful watch to see that no timber is cut in excess of contract. After the logs are brought in, each one bearing the Government stamp, and each stump bearing a similar mark, the ranger must scale the cut and make his computations. Sometimes, too, it turns out that a bad tree has been selected—one that proved hollow at the heart, though it gave no such indication on the surface. This tree is marked with another form of stamp, to satisfy any inspector, and the sawmill man is given a good one to cut in its stead.



BLAZING TREES THAT ARE TO BE CUT

By far the most interesting and exciting part of the forest ranger's work is furnished by the forest fire. Like your city firemen, the forest ranger is always on the alert for a blaze. The Government bulletins always lay great stress on the ranger seeing to it that he prevents forest fires. Perhaps the ranger patrols a territory about equal in size to the entire State of Delaware, and this injunction sounds more ridiculous when it is read in the saddle than when it is penned in Washington. Yet the forest ranger goes bravely about his work. He warns every camper who enters his patrol limits to be very careful to extinguish all camp fires before leaving them. Failure to take such precaution means a heavy fine for the careless camper who is caught. But once in a while a camper or a sheepherder strolls away and leaves a tiny camp fire burning. The wind whirls a few sparks into a dead pine, whose needles are as inflammable as cotton, and soon there is a tall pillar of flame shooting into the sky. The fire leaps from tree to tree, and, if there is a strong wind blowing, the flames are seemingly beyond all human control. But the ranger from afar has seen the column of smoke and is speeding his pony for help. If there is a sawmill on the reserve, the entire force is pressed into service. Messengers are sent for the nearest cowboys and ranchmen, and the forest supervisor receives a hurry call. The Government provides for the pressing in of all available service in such emergencies, and allows a liberal stipend to its volunteer firemen. Soon there is a large force of men at the scene of the fire. One part of the force is set at work felling trees ahead of the fire, while the rest work at the side lines, in the endeavor to keep the path of flame from being enlarged. If the elements are kind and the wind dies down, the fire may be over in a few hours. But if the wind is unwavering and the forest is thick and dry, the fight may go on for many weary days and end only when the flames have spent themselves at a clearing. In such a case the forest ranger, always in the thick of the fight, works like a demon night and day giving instructions to the new hands at the game and encouraging all by his example. After it is over he goes back

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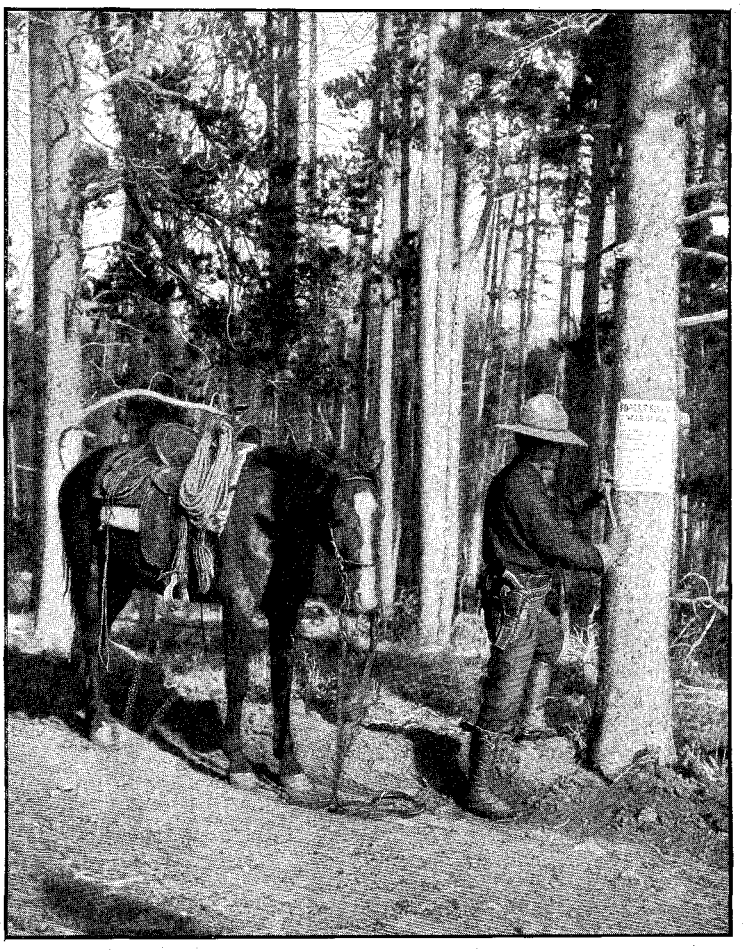
to his cabin and writes a report, as well as his blistered hands will allow, and then spends several uncomfortable days wishing he had made the statement in four lines instead of six.

Campers do not always start forest fires, however. In fact, most of the fires are the result of lightning striking dead trees. For this reason, after a tree has been cut down under contract in a forest reserve, all the branches must be removed or burned by the contractor. This prevents the accumulation of an inflammable carpet, and greatly reduces the chances of disastrous fires.

Not only is the forest ranger of inestimable service to the Government in extinguishing and preventing forest fires, but he is the means of preserving wild game from extinction. The National and State game laws are nowhere as rigidly observed as in a forest reserve. Your Western ranchman is proverbially careless with his rifle at all seasons, when he has nothing more than a local game warden to fear. Even if he is arrested, it will be impossible to pick a jury that will convict him, for the reason that nearly all residents in the big game country are "in the same boat." It is only the outsider—the tourist who is ignorant or careless—that receives the full weight of the law for the offense of killing game out of season. But let your swaggering "local resident" get within the boundaries of a forest reserve, and, behold! how his attitude changes! He is in the domain of the Government, and he is careful



WARNING TO CAMPERS AND HUNTERS

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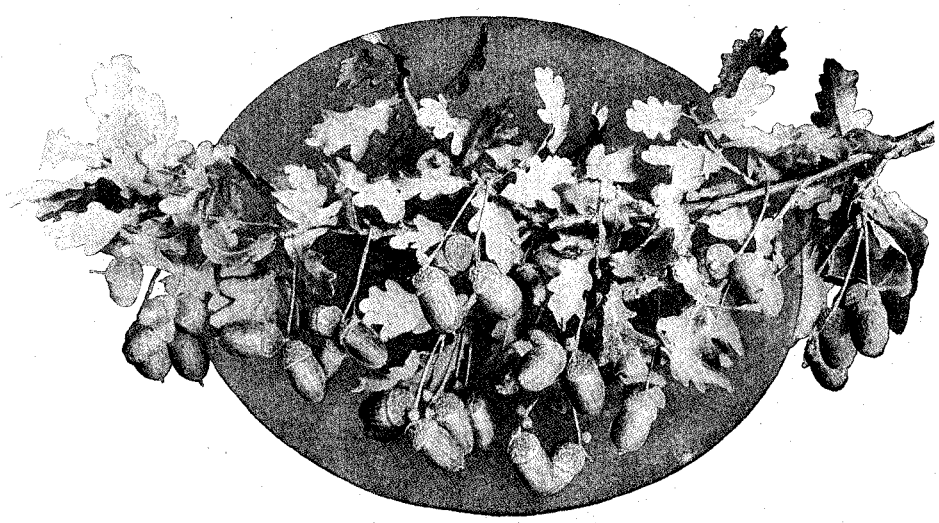
to let no forest ranger catch him breaking the law. Escape from punishment is impossible, and in consequence the game on a forest reserve is let alone, save in the proper and lawful time for killing.

Probably there is more big game in the Yellowstone and Teton reserves than in any other of these magnificent forest domains of the Government. The game in Yellowstone National Park has been protected at all seasons for many years, and consequently it has increased rapidly. Much of this game finds its way out of the park boundaries into the reserves mentioned. For that reason the Yellowstone and Teton woods are thickly peopled with elk, deer, bear, and all the other wild game of the West. A ranger in either of these reserves cannot put in a day on the trail without coming across some wild game. In consequence he learns to study the habits of the animals, and many a forest ranger can give lessons to any of the exponents of the so-called wild animal school of fiction.

In fact, all the secrets of the wilds are shared with the forest ranger. Keen of eye and ear, the man who rides with such grace and ease along the heavily shaded trails of the forest is alert every instant. He knows alike the marks of human kind and of the shyest creatures of the forest. He knows every form of tree, and he knows the needs of the forest and ministers accordingly. Under his care the great forests of the West will long remain the haunts of wild things. His intelligent system of forestry will result in improving the growth of the trees, and at the same time supplying all the lumber needs of the surrounding country. The forests on the Great Divide will become better preservers of snowfall, and for that reason there will be more water for irrigated lands in midsummer and fewer floods in the lower lands in the spring. No longer will immense stretches of pine be swept into blackened and ghastly skeletons by forest fires, because the ranger is on hand to save.

As for the man himself, living most of the year alone in his cabin, reading few books but good ones, and getting most of his study first-hand from nature, who shall say that he is not to develop into a naturalist that will make all others seem ill informed in comparison? Apparently there is no branch of the Government service that promises more for the country than the one which has peopled the wilds of the West with its picturesque, virile, faithful, and studious forest rangers.



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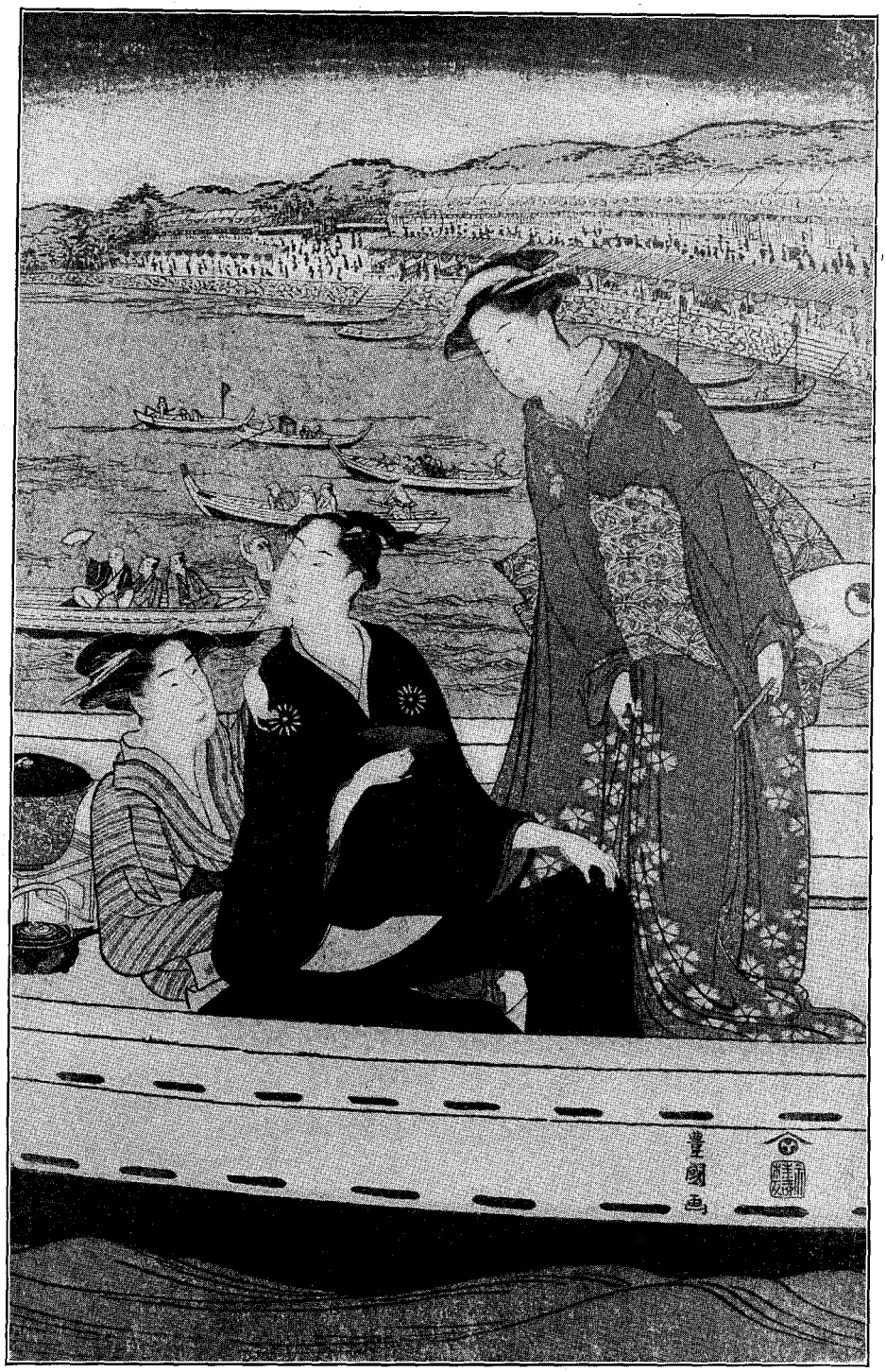

A BOAT SCENE

From the color-print by Toyokuni (flourished 1770-1790), one of the most forceful of the painters of the Ukiyoyé ("Floating World") or popular school. His color is often violent and harsh, but his drawing is always vigorous

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JAPANESE PICTURES

BY G. W. HARRIS

THE Japanese are an art-loving people. They worship the beautiful, whether they find it in nature or in man's simulation of nature. The works of their hands are more decorative and more decorated than those of any other people. As far as possible, every useful object, from the commonest utensil to the dwelling-house, is made a work of art. But the most popular of all art works are pictures. The rich have their costly paintings. The poorer classes have their color-prints. These chromo-xylographs are hawked in the streets, sold in the smallest shops, in the theaters, everywhere—and for two centuries have been even more popular in Nippon than photographs are in America to-day.

In view of this fact, it is rather curious that the pictorial was the last of the arts of Japan to receive appreciation in the Western world. For a quarter of a century after Commodore Perry in 1854 opened to Western trade the ports of the Mikado's empire (a country that had been closed to practically the whole world for more than two hundred years) American and European interest in Japanese art was confined to the handicrafts—porcelains, brocades, bronzes, carving. Japanese pictures were unknown. But when they did become known, collectors and connoisseurs vied with the best artists of Europe and America in their exploitation.

In 1885 M. Louis Gonse, of Paris, after careful study of the limited material then at his command, pointed out that "the history of painting is, in Japan, more than anything else the history of art itself. The study of its progress, its developments, and its changes alone can throw some light upon the history of those secondary arts which we call decorative arts, and enable us to penetrate into the depths of Japanese taste." Edmond de Goncourt, of Paris, Professor William Anderson, of London, Dr. Justus Brinckmann, of Berlin, and Mr. Fenollosa, of Boston, were among the earlier workers whose researches led to publications throwing light on the unknown subject. They were followed by Von Seidlitz, Audsley, Revon, E. F. Strange, C. J. Holmes, and others, and there is now a considerable and growing literature on the subject; but as yet, according to the Japanese themselves, the understanding and appreciation by the Occidental art-loving public of Japanese art have made only a small beginning. Attention has been given chiefly to the later art of Nippon, but the antiquity of this pictorial art is greater than that of any modern European nation, extending over a period of fifteen hundred years in continuous lines of schools and styles to the present time. And its range is more varied, probably, than the pictorial art of any other country.

The leading painters of the last twenty-five or thirty years, especially French painters, and those who have gone to the French for schooling, have felt and acknowledged a powerful influence from Japanese pictures. Jean François Millet testified to the result of the study of Japanese art, and many of his best effects of atmosphere are attributed to Japanese suggestion. Since his time most of the prominent French painters have studied Japanese masterpieces to their gain, and the appreciation of Japanese pictures has been steadily spreading in Europe and America. In England, Dante Gabriel Rossetti was one of the first to come under their appeal. American artists have been scarcely second to the French in gladly accepting and following this influence. In the case of Whistler it might almost be said that the influence of the Japanese was predominant in molding his style and method. John

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DANCING GIRL TYING HER SASH

From the color-print by Torii Kyomine (1750-1790). The Japanese painter aims by the use of flowing lines and color harmonies, combined in a decorative manner, to call up in the mind of the beholder the mood or sensation which would be inspired by the object depicted. His purpose is not alone to portray his model but as well to set forth with poetic feeling the spirit of his subject.

La Farge has not only made frank avowal of his debt to the Japanese in his pictures, but has also helped to spread the Oriental art gospel by both writing and lecturing on the subject. Elihu Vedder is another American painter who has studied Japanese art to good advantage. We all know how deeply the late Robert Blum was enamored of things Japanese.

In all branches of decoration the influence of Japanese art is pronounced. There is hardly a field of design that does not bear some trace in line or color of Japanese ideas. Japanese painting, often through its wonderfully skillful reproduction by color-printing, has been the source of the inspiration of much that is newest and best in the recent landscape art of Europe and America. And the best of the posters of the last two or three decades would not have been possible except for Japanese foundations.

In their beginnings the arts of Nippon were borrowed from China and Korea. The Japanese are great imitators. But they are more than that. They have a remarkable talent for adopting and assimilating the ideas of others. And oftener than not they improve those ideas. In picture-making they have so improved upon their importations by their artistic touch and finish that the fundamental features have become subordinate. Their artistic taste, from the creative point of view, is well-nigh impeccable. And therein lies the secret of the ever-spreading influence of Japanese pictorial art.

The Japanese painter is never concerned with unnecessary accuracy. He follows classical traditions and conventions, and nothing is allowed to interfere with the presentment of one central idea.

It is universally acknowledged that the Japanese have wonderful command of the pencil or brush. This has come to be regarded as a hereditary gift of the race, and is perfected by the early education in the use of the brush in writing. Indeed, as Japanese (and Chinese) writing is really a system of shorthand pictures, painting is considered by the Japanese as only a species of calligraphy, and in the critical study of a picture "the stroke" is one of the chief points of observation. To this may be attributed much of the grace and beauty of the lines in Japanese pictures. From the native point of view the chief excellence in a picture depends on the

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"stroke." So the drawing in Japanese pictures is almost invariably good drawing. Sometimes it is to the foreign eye extremely conventional, conforming to tradition and rule. The native and the foreign conceptions of the subject are often widely different. In flowers, insects, birds, certain animals, and material objects with which Westerners are familiar, the drawing is pronounced excellent by the severest Occidental critics. It is held to be often defective in the human figure, but is wonderful in costumes and apparel. It is pre-eminently successful in conveying impressions of action and life; and in proportional relations, while knowledge of the human figure is said to be wanting, professors of anatomy have yet certified to its absolute correctness in representations of several animals. The flight of birds and certain attitudes of men and quadrupeds have been decried as incorrect, but instantaneous photography has vindicated the Japanese artist and demonstrated his delineations to be accurate.

GIRLS PLAYING WITH GOLDFISH

From the color-print by Utamaro (1754-1806). This print, as well as the other illustrations, exemplifies a notable peculiarity of Japanese pictures—the omission of shadow. They give form and color without aiming at relief, and this is one of the traditional conditions that imposes simplicity in Japanese art.

The best Japanese painters are masters of the art of elimination—they know what to leave out. In landscape especially the idea of treatment is to give no unimportant details, but to present the essential elements of a picture in such a form that the beholder may be able to imagine the reality for himself.

The subject of perspective in Japanese pictures has occasioned a vast amount of discussion. The earliest Caucasian critics of Japanese art denied that any such thing as perspective existed in Oriental pictures. Then, when greater familiarity with such pictures became possible, it was declared that in most cases, while there was an attempt at perspective, it was decidedly faulty. Now there are not wanting students of the subject who hold that in aerial perspective the Japanese have reached a stage of development to which no other artists have ever been able to attain. They care very little for architectural drawing. They scrupulously avoid rectangularity, having no use for the T square and triangle. Hence they do not make parallel lines "vanish" in their drawings. If that be the whole of perspective, they know nothing of it. But they do preserve the relation between distance and apparent size with absolute fidelity. They use an individual "point of sight" for each line as well as for each figure, and the result is wonderfully successful. There is no such distortion as is inevitably found in a "perspective drawing"

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FUJIYAMA AND THE CELEBRATED PINE-TREE BRIDGE

One of the "Hundred Views of Fuji" by Hokusai. An interesting example of Japanese perspective, showing the happy use of two horizon lines. The eye must be above the top of the trees, or the under side of the branches would be seen. But the horizon of Fuji is in the lower part of the picture. If it were the same as that of the pines, the suggestion of height, gained by seeing the clouds under the pine-tree bridge, would be lost. The Japanese preserve the relation between distance and apparent size with absolute fidelity; but they do not make parallel lines "vanish" in their drawings.

of the Caucasian who adheres to one center, or "point of sight," for all the lines in his picture. Western artists are only just beginning to find out the value of having as many points of accuracy as possible even in linear representation. But that is what the Japanese have understood for centuries.

They could not know this and put their knowledge into practice without becoming adepts in composition. A picture without composition is a contradiction in terms—an impossibility—for, as John La Farge has pointed out, "we compose in our very way of looking at nature, without ever thinking of any copy, any imitation of this appearance of nature in art." But all painters do not compose their pictures equally well. The Japanese artists, as a class, in the power and balance of their compositions, surpass the rest of the world. The grouping of figures and accessories, or of the salient points of a landscape, is always made as far as possible to please the eye and to tell the tale.

Originality and fertility of design in the course of the centuries have been developed wonderfully. In the early stages of Japanese art they were not conspicuous. But in their work of the last two or three centuries the Japanese artists seem to have struck a mine of inexhaustible resources of invention.

A notable peculiarity of Japanese pictures is the omission of shadow. They give form and color without aiming at relief. And this, while it hinders pictorial treatment of some things highly interesting to Occidental artists, also imposes a charming and enviable simplicity.

One of the most attractive things in Japanese art is harmony of color. No other artists have ever had the audacity to group together such brilliant colors, the genius to effect such combinations, and still preserve the general harmony.

Comparatively few Japanese paintings of any importance have come to America. The best of them are held as priceless—almost sacred—treasures in the

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Buddhist temples, and cannot be removed. And that fact takes something of the stigma from the following words spoken by Mr. Okakura-Kakuzo in the course of an address before the National Arts Club in New York last winter:

Except to the few who have made a special study of it, or to those whose real insight into beauty has made it possible to enter into its spirit, the real meaning of our national painting seems not to have been grasped by the general Western public. Japanese painting is still known through the color-prints of the popular school, and the flower and bird pictures, which represent the prettiness, not the seriousness, of our artistic efforts. I beg you to know that in the works of the Japanese masters lies as deep a philosophy of life and religion of beauty as those which animated the creations of Western art. The mode of expression is different, but the intensity of the emotion is the same. There is a certain phase of Japanese painting which is difficult for Western comprehension on account of its very Eastern nature. The monistic trend of the Eastern thought has led to concentration, where in the West it became expansive. The microcosmic notion of our later philosophy has even accentuated the tendency to express with simplest means the most complex ideas.

Yet most of the characteristics of Japanese pictorial art may be studied advantageously in the color-prints of the popular school. And these, notwithstanding the fact that they are despised of the Japanese connoisseur, exert a potent charm, the recognition of which is constantly spreading among American art-lovers. Such a fine collection of them as that presented to the New York Public Library by Mr. Charles Stewart Smith a few years ago (and kept on permanent exhibition at the Lenox Library) gives us a complete panorama of the every-day life of the people of Japan—shows their surroundings, their habits, customs, costumes, occupations, pastimes, sports—and does this with a fascinating simplicity and *naïveté*.

These curious yet charming pictures are printed from woodcuts. In the art of making them, chromo-xylography, the Japanese surpass all other peoples. Their method is this: The designer's outline drawing on thin, transparent paper is pasted, face downward, on a prepared plank of cherry (usually measuring about 9 by 14 inches), and the engraver with knife and chisels hollows out the white spaces, leaving the outline in relief. Proofs are then taken from this block, and the designer marks the parts to be colored on different sheets, which are in turn pasted and cut on other planks, one for each color. The wood is cut along the grain, instead of across the end of it as is now the practice of the Occidental wood-engravers; and as the tools are knives, not gravers which Caucasians have employed since Bewick's time, the process is that sort of wood-cutting which was followed in Europe up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, and is not engraving in the proper meaning of the term.

BEAUTY WITH A MIRROR

From the "Hyaku Bijin Awase," a collection of paintings of beauties by Harunobu (flourished 1760-1785), whose color effects were never surpassed for boldness and subtlety. The dominant colors in this print are dark red and yellow. The face of the "Beauty" does not appear to the Western eye to be specially beautiful, but it should be remembered that even in portraiture the Japanese artist is not concerned with unnecessary accuracy. In drawing a face, or a landscape, he follows classical traditions and conventions, and it is enough if one central idea is conveyed and the picture as a whole is harmonious and decorative.

The aim of the Japanese wood-cutter is to show the direction of the brush in painting, to preserve the features of an original picture. The knife is moved in the same direction as the "stroke" of the brush, and thus almost exact reproductions of paintings are made by the skillful cutters.

For printing from these woodcuts no press is used. The ink, or paint—it is always a water-color—is applied to the block with a brush. A sheet of moistened paper is placed carefully on it and

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the back of the paper is rubbed with a "baren" until the impression is uniformly transferred. The skillful printer produces his various tints, hues, shades, and gradations of color with his brushes in just the same way as the water-color painter does. As each color requires a separate cut, each plank has its registering marks, so that all the sheets may be placed in exactly the same position and so insure the fitting of each color with the others. No machinery or labor-saving devices are ever used. To prevent smearing the paper from ink caught in the shallow depressions of the cut—for the cutting is never done very deeply—to avoid false registering, impure color, and numerous other pitfalls, the printer relies solely upon his experience and skill. Yet the trained printer works with astonishing celerity, turning out 3,000 sheets a day from the black block, and 700 or 800 sheets a day from the color blocks. The more elaborate pictures require anywhere from twenty-five to fifty or more impressions for their completion.

Crude wood-engraving had been practiced in Japan from an early period. The Japanese borrowed block-printing from the Chinese in the eighth century of the Christian era, but color-printing did not begin to flourish until nearly a thousand years later. The aristocratic Kano and Tosa schools of painting had in a measure gone to seed when Matahei, a Tosa painter of the late sixteenth century, broke from the old formalism and tradition of exclusive conventionality and founded the school of Ukiyoyé, or painting of "the floating world," by depicting the every-day life of his time and surroundings.

"Matahei's designs apparently were not engraved," says Mr. C. J. Holmes in his admirable little book on Hokusai, "but he was followed by three designers of the highest merit—Moronobu, Masanobu, and Sukenobu—whose work gained an extensive popularity among the lower classes by skillful reproduction, though as yet the prints were restricted to black and white, color being occasionally added by hand. Though the hand-coloring was often exceedingly skillful, it was discarded early in the eighteenth century, when the discovery of printing colors from a second block was made by Kiyonobu (born 1688, flourished 1710–30). His successors, Harunobu and Koriusai, increased the number of blocks to seven or eight, and produced color effects that in boldness and subtlety were never surpassed by the later artists. Shunsho, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, carried the pyramidal Tosa composition to perfection in his book of famous beauties. Kiyonaga introduced processional arrangements and a realism of facial expression unknown till his time. Utamaro (1754–1806) practically confined himself to the fair ladies of the Yoshiwara, whose robes and gestures were combined and recombined in a thousand elaborate harmonies; while Toyokuni gained an enormous vogue as a painter of the stage, whose melodrama lost nothing of its extravagance in his hands."

Each of these artists had many pupils and followers, and the school of Ukiyoyé was in its period of finest development from about 1770 to 1850. Its greatest exponent was Hokusai, the man of many names, who took as his favorite appellation, "Gwakio Rojin Manji" (the Old Man Mad about Drawing).

Hokusai was born in 1760 and lived to be nearly ninety years old, dying in 1849. In boyhood he served an apprenticeship of four years to an engraver, and thus gained an exceedingly useful experience. He lived a life of poverty, but he worked incessantly, and his work revolutionized Japanese art. His versatility and productiveness were marvelous. He is said to have illustrated a hundred and sixty different publications, many of them comprising several volumes, each of which contained not less than fifty pictures. Besides these color-prints there were innumerable studies and sketches, and scores if not hundreds of more elaborate paintings. His designs covered every field. He painted portraits, figure-pieces, genre subjects of all kinds, still life, and landscapes.

One of his series of sketches, the "Mangwa," fills fifteen volumes. Its subjects include children, gods, priests, fishermen, acrobats, workmen; ladies at their toilet; men sleeping, praying, walking, swimming; miners, wrestlers, dancers, negroes, archers, riders, fencers, musketeers; mythological and historical heroes; masks, utensils, animals real and imaginary, birds, insects, fishes, plants, trees, flowers, buildings, ships, mountains, waterfalls, guns and cannon, landscapes, and caricatures of fat and thin men.

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The artist's most famous work is the "Hundred Views of Fuji," published in 1834, which has been reproduced in an edition published in England. In these pictures the venerated mountain is seen from a hundred different points of view on land and sea, through a hundred varying conditions of light and atmosphere—in snow, in rain, in mist, in fog, in clear air. Its base, its sides, its top, are shown, close at hand and from afar. In three delightful volumes Fujiyama receives its apotheosis.

THE CHINESE EMPEROR YÜ KILLING THE DELUGE DRAGON

From the color-print by Hokkei (1790-1850), a pupil of Hokusai. Conventionality of treatment shown conspicuously in the waves. Fine Japanese prints, because of the yellowish tone of the paper, defy photography, and it is therefore impossible, unfortunately, to give anything like an adequate idea of the delicate beauties of the originals.

Other important works by Hokusai are "The Personages of Suikoden," "The Heroes of China and Japan," "The Glories of China and Japan," and the great series of larger separate plates representing the man's powers at their maturity: the "Thirty-six Views of Fuji," the "Bridges," the "Waterfalls," the "Hundred Poems," and the "Flowers." The spirit of the man is best shown by what he said of himself in his preface to the "Hundred Views of Fuji:"

From the age of six I had a mania for drawing the forms of things. By the time I was fifty I had published an infinity of designs; but all I have produced before the age of seventy is not worth taking into account. At seventy-three I have learned a little about the real structure of nature, of animals, plants, trees, birds, fishes, and insects. In consequence, when I am eighty, I shall have made still more progress; at ninety I shall penetrate the mystery of things; at a hundred I shall certainly have reached a mar-

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velous stage; and when I am a hundred and ten everything I do, be it but a dot or a line, will be alive. I beg those who live as long as I to see if I do not keep my word. Written at the age of seventy-five by me, once Hokusai, to-day Gwakio Rojin [the Old Man Mad about Drawing].

On his death-bed he said, "If Heaven could only grant me ten more years!" And then, when he knew the end had come, "If Heaven had only granted me five more years, I could have become a real painter."

Hokusai had some clever followers, but the popular school since his time has fallen into decay. His influence is still powerful in the work of the Japanese artisans, who take the flowers, birds, dragons, figures, landscapes, with which they decorate their pottery, bronzes, lacquers, and other handicraft direct from the pictures of the great Hokusai.

While most of the color prints now made in Japan are vastly inferior to those produced in the golden age of the Ukiyo-yé, a small group of contemporary artists, striving to uplift their art, have achieved a delicacy and refinement of design and color that are full of promise. Some of the best wood-cutters and woodcut printers in the Island Empire are just now putting their knowledge and skill to excellent use in making reproductions of the old masterpieces of Japanese art long hidden away in the Buddhist temples, and inaccessible to all but a few favored students and specialists. The first portfolios of the series containing these reproductions, which have recently reached New York, are among the most sumptuous art books ever made, the excellence of many of the prints putting the best American mechanical methods of reproduction to shame. In them will be afforded to the artists and art-lovers of the Western world unprecedented facilities for the study of Japanese pictures.

The Lane at Lang

By Meribah Philbrick Abbott

This is the Lane, that from the dusty road
Leads to wide pastures, and the singing shade
Of purple pines and heaven-pointing firs
Up to the green hill's mystic crowned top.
A rainbow path of blossoms: goldenrod,
The delicate laces of the caraway,
Primrose, and meadow pink, and, born of June,
Dried roses with the spice of cinnamon
Haunting their petals.
Here the south wind stirs
The hazel branch, or whispers to the birch,
Whose listening leaves gleam silver in the sun
And tremble softly at his light caress:
Through warp of fern and many-fingered vine
The scarlet lily rears her haughty head,
Spurning the lowly yarrow at her feet
In vaunting pride . . . And all the perfumed way
Thrills with the pulse of little lives—the bee
Seeking the clover's heart, the cricket's cry,
The shrill cicada in the crannied wall;
And, wing to wing, twin jewels set in gold—
The ruby's flame, the sapphire's glowing blue—
A humming-bird and vagrant butterfly
Brushing the milkweed's honey-flowered stalk.
Come, let us follow to the rainbow's end!

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THE COLLECTION OF ANTIQUITIES

BY OLIVER S. TONKS, PH.D.

MOST people who visit a museum know more or less vaguely that many of the objects of ancient art shown there have been dug up from tombs or ancient ruins. Few, however, are aware of the steps by which they finally arrive in the glass cases where they are exhibited.

It should be understood at the outset that, at least in Greece, random digging for ancient treasures is not allowed. In order to conduct excavations one must have a permit from the Government; and even when this is obtained it is understood that whatever finds are made must be turned over to the national authorities. In spite of this restriction, however, the peasants often dig on the sly, and, when they find anything, keep it secret until they can dispose of it to some occasional collector, or can place it in the hands of a dealer in Athens or some other city. In other cases valuable objects are brought to light by the plowing of a field or the digging for the foundations of a building. In the latter instance, and even when excavations are being carried on by the Government or under its permission, the workmen often make away with treasures. It is an easy matter for a man digging in a trench, if he sees a gem or a piece of gold, to bury it in the clay that adheres to the bottom of his shoe, and, when the opportunity offers, to slip it into his pocket.

A FORGED ROMAN MARBLE RELIEF
Betrayed by the clumsiness of its execution

Not long ago, during excavations conducted with the permission of the Greek Government, certain architectural fragments came to light, among which were several lion-masks from the marble cornice of a building. These heads, with the other finds, were placed in a temporary storehouse until they could be shipped to the National Museum in Athens. But in some way one of the heads disappeared—stolen, probably, by one of the workmen. Some years later a gentleman who had taken part in the excavations was examining the exhibits of a certain museum, when his eye was arrested by a lion's mask of marble. Struck by its familiar appearance, he asked to see it close at hand, and upon examining it, recognized the marble as the one that had disappeared from the storehouse at the excavations. It had passed from the hands of the thieving workman to a dealer or collector and by him had been sold to the museum, which was absolutely in ignorance of its provenance.

Another instance of this sort of thieving, although of a much less important nature, came to my attention while on a bicycle trip through Bœotia. My friends and I had stopped at a place on what used to be the shore of the ancient Lake Copaïs, when a white-bearded, red-fezzed peasant approached me and slyly drew from the bosom of his shirt an ancient Greek oil-jug. This he wished to sell me, and with many mysterious gestures conveyed to me that his possession of it must be kept a secret.

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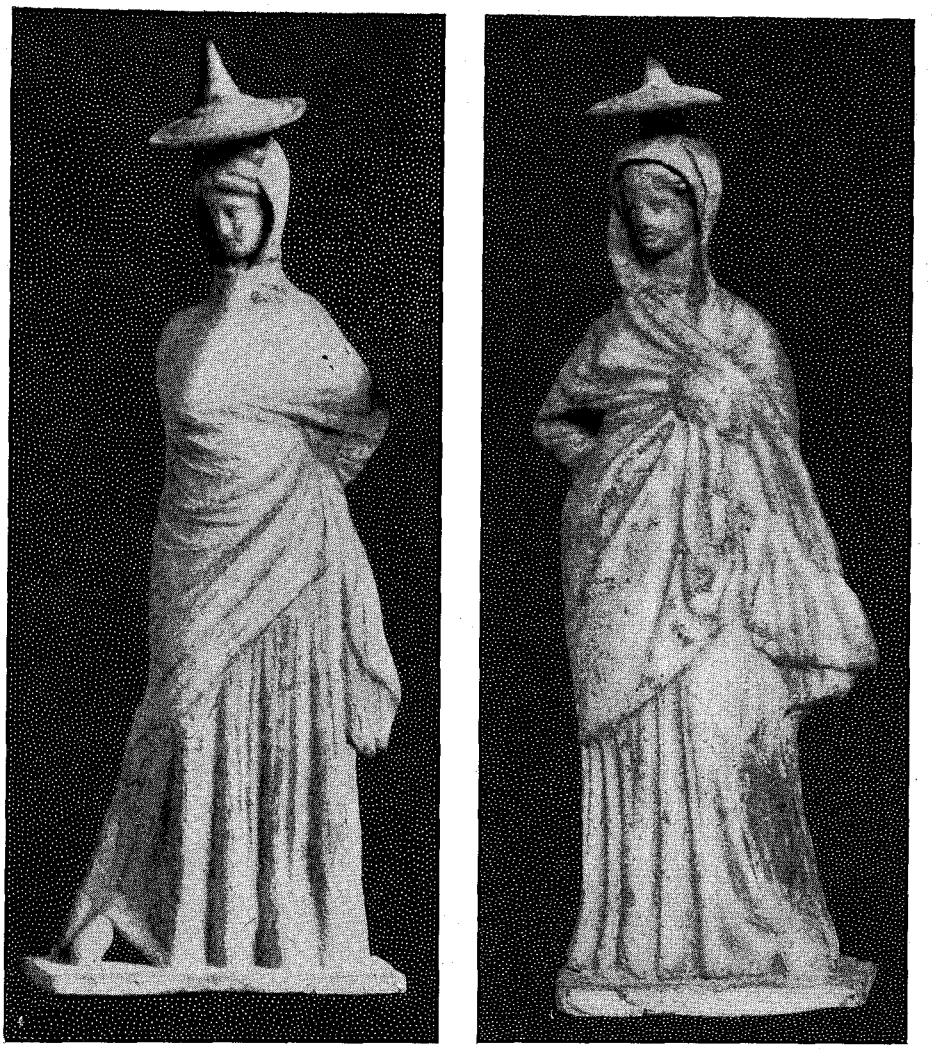

GENUINE AND FORGED TERRA COTTA FIGURINE

Aside from the difference in surface, which the photograph does not show, the forgery differs from the original in the round, uncertain folds of the drapery. The forger did not wish to make the model too sharp, and in trying to make it look "weathered" he produced the blunt folds shown in the picture.

The laughter and joking of the other peasants who stood around us told me, however, that it was an open secret. After my refusal of the vase he sold it to one of my friends for, I think, a dollar. I learned shortly afterward that he had probably sneaked it away from some excavations that had been lately carried on in the neighborhood.

While many of the trivial objects thus obtained may remain in the peasants' possession until they can dispose of them to a tourist, it is safe to say that the more valuable antiquities find their way into the hands of the dealers. These men are in touch with the collectors, and it is the business of the agent of the museum (for all great museums have men who collect for them) to be on hand first when a prize turns up. In many cases, where the agent has been a good customer, the dealer will send him word when anything is discovered. A case of this sort once happened when a dealer had been carrying on surreptitious digging. He had received word from the man who was doing the work for him that a "find" of terra cottas had

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been made. Supposing them to be of the ordinary kind that had been turning up, he said to a collector with whom he did considerable business that he might like to run out to the place, and, when he had seen the things, make an offer for them. The collector did so, and, to his surprise, found among a lot of common things a head of exceptional beauty. Knowing that the dealer was unaware of this, he made a moderate offer, which was accepted, with later regret, by the dealer.

After the ancient treasures have been sold by the peasants or the dealers to the collectors, there remains the task of getting them out of the country. In Greece and Italy this is difficult, owing to the stringent laws in these countries relative to ancient objects of art. If they have a great value, exportation is likely to be forbidden. Many devices, therefore, are resorted to in order to evade the law. In one instance an attempt was made to take a life-sized marble statue out of one of these countries. The bulk of it made passage through the customs difficult, so it was hidden in a cart of grain to be driven to the border. Unfortunately, the man who drove the cart was intercepted before the border was reached. As a result he spent a long term in prison. At another time I heard of a customs official who used to visit the home of a man who was shipping out antiquities, and, after a survey of the room in which they were stored, would say, "What you have here should pay about six hundred francs duty. You pay me sixty, and I think that it will be all right." In yet another instance a German professor, wishing to carry out from Greece a valuable object, concealed it in his camera, and, by telling the customs officials to be careful not to let in any light, got his camera and its contents through undetected.

When ancient treasures have reached their final destination, if that be a museum, it is the duty of the curator to assign them to their proper places in the collection. This, on the face of it, would seem a comparatively easy task. But, owing to the fact that often the place of finding is unknown, or intentionally given incorrectly, the curator is compelled to depend on internal evidence to assign them their proper labels. Thus, for instance, he may know from the particles of mica in the clay, or the gilding on the surface, that a statuette, although marked by the dealer as from Bœotia, really came from Myrina, or Smyrna, in Asia Minor. Again, by the peculiar greenish tint of the clay and the system of decoration he may know that a certain unlabeled base came from Corinth. While usually the naked eye suffices to ascertain the provenance of objects, at times even the microscope is called in, so that in reality the curator's work approaches nearer

THE GOLDEN TIARA OF SAITAPHERNES

This beautiful work of art has been attacked as a forgery on the ground that it bears decorations belonging to two widely separated periods.

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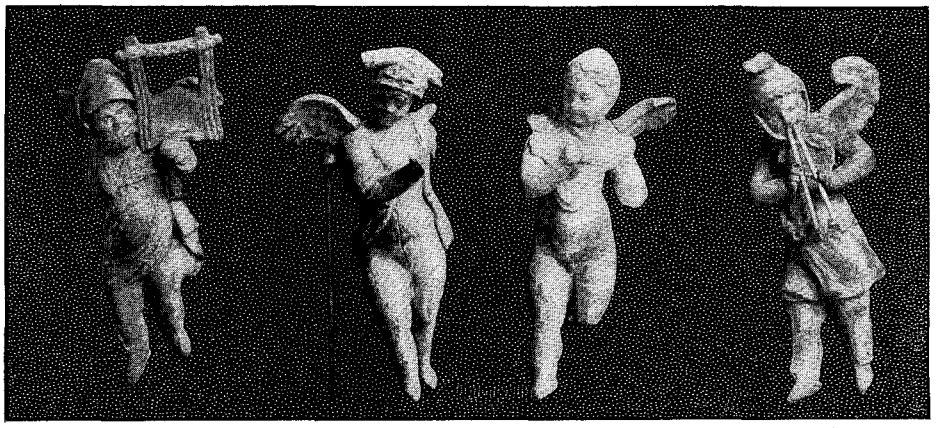
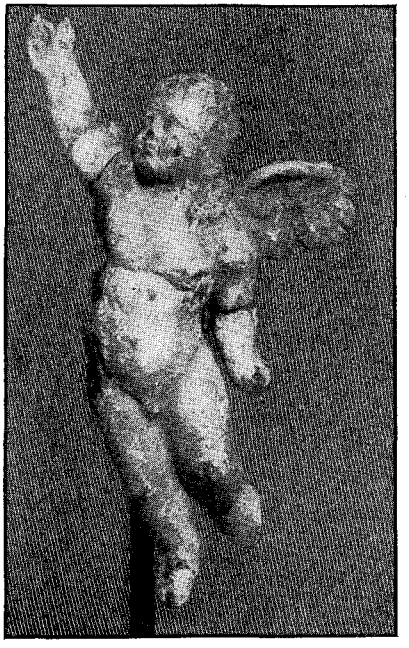


FOUR GENUINE TERRA COTTA FIGURES OF EROS

The forged Eros below differs from this group of originals in lacking the charming dantiness of expression in the face, and in being clumsily modeled in the body. The photograph does not show the "faked" surface. The work, however, is good and shows how close a forger may come to producing a passable antique.

to a science than an art. If, however, his attention were directed only to assigning to their places the various objects of the "sendings" of the agents of the museum, his work would be comparatively simple. But, unfortunately, among the things that come there are apt to be forgeries. So great has become the demand, on the part of wealthy private collectors and of the agents of museums, that men who are not only clever with their hands but often possess a considerable amount of classical knowledge have found it profitable to forge antiquities so earnestly sought.



FORGED TERRA COTTA EROS

At times the forger is content to take ancient fragments of ancient vases or statuettes and complete them with clay or plaster of Paris. These new "old" wares he then paints up and passes to the unsuspecting—and sometimes suspecting—purchaser as real antiques. The story is told of a forger in Athens that he protested that, when he had finished "improving" an antique, he himself could not always tell where the genuine part ceased and the false began. Under such circumstances it may not be wondered that at times even experts are tricked.

The following incident shows how forgeries turn up in very unexpected places. One hot day in May a party of us were toiling up a steep ascent in the island of Melos when we saw above us a number of Greeks seated on a parapet of ruins. We had been cruising long enough among the Ægean Islands to know that these people of the place had seen our ship drop anchor in the water below, and were now waiting to sell us antiquities. At the sight of these Greeks one of our number, a tireless Scotch woman, scrambled ahead of us to the top, where we could soon see her, wind-blown and outlined against the blue sky, bargaining for a vase. When we reached the top after a more leisurely climb, she put her purchase in my hands and asked me what I thought of it. My hands

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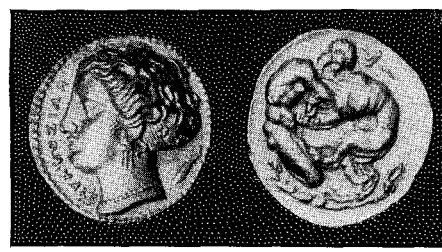
were moist with perspiration from the exertion of the climb, and for an answer to her question I held them out to her all blackened from grasping the vase. The sweat had attacked the modern paint with which it was covered, and by thus coming off on my hands the color had betrayed its falsity. The whole vase had been patched up from six or seven pieces and then painted over to conceal the repairing.

In the case of the painted Greek vases, however, it is a fairly simple matter to detect the forgeries. The black pigment with which the ancient vases are decorated was baked on, and so has become a glaze. While it is of course possible to break through, as one might thin glass, if care is taken not to do this one might scratch from now until eternity without affecting the glaze. The secret of the composition is yet unknown, and has baffled as prominent chemists as those associated with the Sèvres potteries. So, unless some one has discovered its make-up and keeps it to himself, we have one sure means of detecting forged vases; for the paint used by the forgers may either be washed off by acids or scratched with a knife.

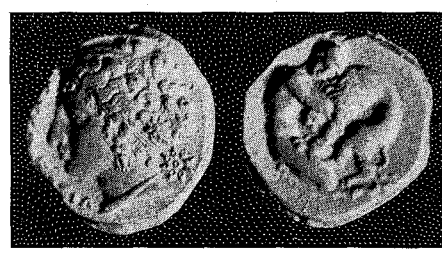
The detection of "faked" terra-cotta statuettes is not so easy. A few years ago it used to be considered a good proof of antiquity if you could find traces of small roots on any statuette. These would, of course, point to a long burial in the ground. But no sooner did the forger learn that these marks were looked for than he proceeded to *grow* roots on his statuettes by burying them in his back yard for a few months.

GENUINE SYRACUSAN STATER



FORGED SYRACUSAN STATER

The spuriousness of this coin is marked by the flat, hard treatment of the profile and the sharp, angular handling of the eyebrow of Arethusa. The form of the upsilons in the word meaning "of the Syracusans" is wrong, and the direction of the writing of the word is unusual.



FORGED SYRACUSAN STATER

From a cast of the coin

This forgery is much more clever than the other. The head of Arethusa, however, lacks the rich, high modeling that belongs to this type. The eye is not so deeply shadowed as usual. The reverse exhibits a peculiarity in the fact that the calf of Heracles's right leg is scarcely shown. His bent foot is all out of proportion. The forger made an attempt to reproduce the dull gold finish of the genuine, but failed. This forgery was offered for sale for four hundred dollars.

Perhaps as profitable a field as any for the modern forger is in the production of "ancient" coins. The coins of Sicily, especially those of the larger denomination, because of their real beauty, have been much sought after by collectors; and, as there seemed to be a chance of the supply not meeting the demand, the forger has undertaken to keep the market furnished with them. He knows that it is useless to *cast* his coins from molds taken from the ancient ones, because the coin collector can tell by the use of a glass, or even by the look or the "feel," that such coins are false. He therefore, like the ancients, cuts a die and *strikes* his coin, thus producing a work that is different from the real coin only in a lack of grace that is present in the genuine one.

Scarabs have offered great opportunities for forging. These objects, which have been found in countless numbers in Egyptian tombs, were supposed by the ancients to possess a mysterious

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power. They represent the black "tumble beetle," which, since it was supposed to exist only in the male, was taken as the symbol of everlasting life. These were sewed up in the mummy wrappings. From their great age and supposed mystic power they found a ready market with tourists. As soon as this became known the forgers began to reproduce these "beetles," with all their talismanic markings, even at times using bits of ancient Egyptian porcelain; and it is safe to say that few ordinary tourists now visit Egypt without bringing away a few of these treasures, which they have obtained from the Arabs or other natives who act as distributing agents for the forgers.

Not long ago a friend of mine had in his possession a marble head bought some years before on the authority of people who professed to know about ancient sculpture. In style the head belonged to one of the best periods, and in spite of a few minor breaks and a rusty color, due presumably to weathering, it was still very well preserved. The fragment, moreover, had the further interest of showing what seemed to be ancient repairing. It proved, nevertheless, to be a forgery, and the discovery came about in this way. One day my friend began absent-mindedly to clean out the dirt from one of the curls with his penknife. After poking a few times he found that the dirt was only on the surface, and that the rest of the drill-hole which formed the center of the curl was filled with wax. When this wax was removed, the sides of the hole were as white as newly cut marble. Had the forger stained the hole throughout and then filled it with *dirt*, the head might still have been unchallenged.

Perhaps the most notorious piece of work that has been attacked as a forgery is the golden tiara of Saitaphernes, which is now on exhibition in the Louvre. The work is of pure pale gold, such as the ancients used, and shows, besides several scenes, a long inscription telling that the people of Olbia presented this tiara to their governor, Saitaphernes. The decoration, beaten from the inside, is exquisitely executed, and the scenes are such as one might expect in Greek art. But, according to those who attack the piece, they are not found on works of the same period. The forger, in other words, has combined, perhaps unwittingly, decorations that really belong centuries apart.

Many more instances of forgeries might be cited but for the reason that it is not always safe to do so. This, at first glance, may seem strange, but I think that it can be easily made clear. Suppose, for instance, one were to publish a picture of one of the many false terra cotta figurines that were put on the market here some years ago. A purchaser of these "fakes" might see the picture, and, noting the strong resemblance it bore to one that he possessed, might go to the dealer who furnished him with it and demand an explanation. The dealer, thus put on the defense, would call upon the publisher of the picture to prove the forgery. This might not always be an easy task, and as these dealers in "fakes" are often willing to go to any extreme to protect themselves, even to the extent of engaging in a lawsuit, one is hesitant about placing one's self in a position open to attack. This state of affairs probably explains the slight exposure of artistic frauds that has been made in the past.

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THE TWIN CITY OF THE MAGYARS

By Elbert F. Baldwin

THE ROYAL PALACE, BUDAPEST

A THOUSAND years ago Arpad left his ancient home in Asia and settled on the Danube. The country about him had been known to the Romans as Pannonia. They had a colony at Aquincum, now Buda. But Arpad, the founder of Hungary, could hardly have anticipated the kind of capital we call Budapest. In his mind any city's character must have been Oriental.

Yet, as we look about here, everything seems Occidental. On one side of the river, as we approach the capital of the Hungarian half of the Austrian Empire, apparently the most prominent building is the great Parliament House, and it is Gothic in style. On the other side everything seems dominated by the Royal Palace, a Renaissance building. And as we step ashore, Occidentalism, not Orientalism, is present before us, in the Ferencz-Jozsefs Rakport—the Francis Joseph quay along the river; in the Körút or Ringstrasse encircling the town; in the broad, well-paved avenues within it; in the electric railways running over and under those avenues; in the well-appointed cafés and shops along the boulevards, full of the brisk, bustling life of evident prosperity; in the churches, museums, theaters, clubs, and parks aplenty. All speak of present fullness, fruitfulness, progress of life; none give an impression of apathy, stagnation, or decay.

Buda lies high on the Danube's right bank; Pest, low on the left bank. Buda has the Palace; Pest, the Parliament. Few structures have such a setting as has this Király Palota, or Royal Palace, standing on the site of that older palace which for centuries was the residence of the Kings of Hungary until the Turk drove them out and remained master a hundred and fifty years. The Palace overlooks many miles of the Danube's course from the Black Forest to the Black Sea. The river flows swiftly along, two hundred feet and more below us—the ugly yellow, not "the beautiful blue Danube." The Palace is a huge affair; it contains nearly nine hundred rooms. It was begun in the reign of Maria Theresa and restored in our own day by those eminent architects, Ybl and Hauszmann. Several times a year the Palace is inhabited by the King of Hungary, who is also Emperor of Austria. The far-sightedness, tact, sagacity, and self-control of this monarch have justly endeared him to his subjects.

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VIEW OF PEST FROM THE ROYAL PALACE AT BUDA

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From the Palace the tourist is fairly sure to walk along the Bastei Promenade, crowning the heights of Buda, and finally he arrives at the Honvéd Monument, which commemorates the Hungarian struggle for independence in 1848. Such a walk gives to him a capital idea of the city's extent and configuration. Especially is this true of the many delightful drives and pretty villas on the hills back of Buda. These have all been created in the last few decades; indeed, Maurus Jókai, the novelist, is authority for the statement that only half a century ago the Svábhegy, now covered by modern houses, was still a primeval forest, a paradise for foxes. The Svábhegy, or Schwabenberg, is so called from the encampment of the Swabian troops, when the Turks were expelled from Buda.

Between Buda and Pest lies the large Margit-Sziget, or Margaret Island. It was the property of the late Archduke Joseph, the Emperor's cousin. More than any other member of the Imperial family this prince interested himself in things Hungarian, and when he died last June was lamented by rich and poor alike throughout the kingdom. In particular, he loved to study the customs of the gypsies, and hence was popular with them. He wrote several volumes on their life and conditions of existence. He also wrote a grammar of the Romany language, and thus gave a certain literary status to it. The Archduke's great service to Budapest, however, lay in his transformation of Margaret Island, once a royal hunting-ground, into a perfect park. He presented this park to the people. Apparently they enjoy it to the utmost, especially on Sundays and Thursdays, when there is military music. Here are pavilions and restaurants and hotels and villas, and a vast rose garden, full of blooming rose-trees, seemingly of every variety, and here also may be found a good specimen of the Hungarian fürdö, or bath. Margaret Island, one of the two great playgrounds of the city, is admirably placed. It is connected with both Buda and Pest by a handsome bridge, which forms an obtuse angle pointing upstream, the island being at the angle's apex. The other great playground of the city is called the Városliget, a domain of several hundred acres, in which is situated the Royal Agricultural Museum, a peculiarly interesting institution of its kind, and certainly appropriately placed in the capital of a great agricultural region.

Crossing over to Pest from Margaret Island, we find ourselves face to face with the Országház, or Houses of Parliament. They comprise the Upper, or House of Magnates, and the Lower, or House of Representatives. The Országház reminds us of the British Houses of Parliament, though the Hungarian cover only half as much ground. Both buildings have a similar river location. Both are Gothic in architecture. Both are well placed and well adapted to parliamentary use. Perhaps the Hungarian Houses, the work of Steindl, are the more immediately startling in appearance; the English, however, seem to be the more permanently imposing. A chief difference between the two buildings lies in the decoration of their interiors; that of Budapest recalls Byzantine and Oriental art. The language of the Országgyüles, or Parliament, is Hungarian—or, as the Hungarians call it, Magyar—but the representatives there of Slavonia and Croatia may, if they prefer, speak their own languages.

Opposite, across the square, stands a noble Renaissance structure by Hauszmann, the Királyi Kurie, or Supreme Court, and as we walk towards the center of the town there are other notable edifices: the Royal Academy, the Bourse—in front of which is a fine statue of Deák, the great Hungarian statesman—the Nemzeti, or National Museum, above all, the Királyi Operaház. This Royal Opera-House, in the Italian Renaissance style, is an example of Nicolas Ybl's work. He knew how to plan a structure dignified in line, with an interior rich but never garish, a combination in form and color to delight and satisfy the eye.

Here in this opera-house one sees both a Budapest building and a Budapest audience at their best, and we pass from a consideration of the town to a consideration of the people who inhabit the town. Of the two subjects the latter is, of course, the more interesting.

As you enter the opera-house the usher,

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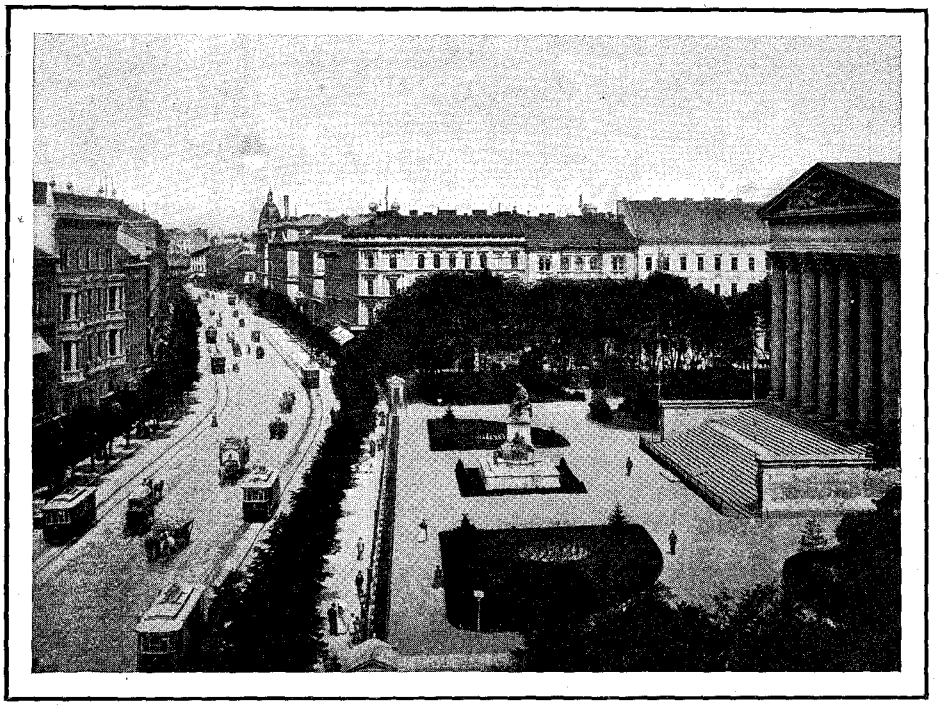

THE MUSEUM RING

in his dark-blue costume embroidered with black braid, shows you to your seat with a polite word. You glance at him. He repeats the word. You do not in the least comprehend it. Then, and not till then, does it occur to you with something of a shock that you are in the midst of a people whose mother tongue is known to few compared with English, French, German, Italian—a Tartaric tongue indeed, one not allied to those of Europe. You feel yourself a stranger in a strange land. That sentiment is probably grasped by the usher. He now makes a grave gesture. Then you venture a question in German. No reply comes, only another gesture. A friendly Hungarian sitting by here interposes in German and translates the usher's courteous hope that the seat is satisfactory, adding, "Even when our people understand German perfectly well, they will not reply at first in that language, but in Hungarian. A certain feeling of self-assertiveness seems to possess us all, even when we know that it does no good." And so one finds it everywhere in Budapest. More than any other characteristic of this interesting people to impress the traveler is their insistent display of self-assertive nationalism.

The opera begins at seven o'clock and ends early. Hence at the end of the evening opera and theater goers—and the Hungarians love both opera and theater—visit restaurants and cafés in great numbers. Here the American feels himself more than ever a stranger. At the opera-house the language, it is true, was a strange language—the Magyar—but the opera was familiar. Here both language and music are unfamiliar. It seems almost incredible that any music can remain permanently unfamiliar. But it is equally true that, though he may have heard it frequently, the Westerner accustoms himself with difficulty to Eastern music. There is something in that music which seems latently opposed to some of our ideas of æstheticism. Perhaps it is because the dance is so frequently connected with Oriental harmonies, and, the dance being quite different from that in vogue in the New World, we transfer some of our unfamiliarity with it to the music itself. At all events, while we are curious about both and interested in both, we

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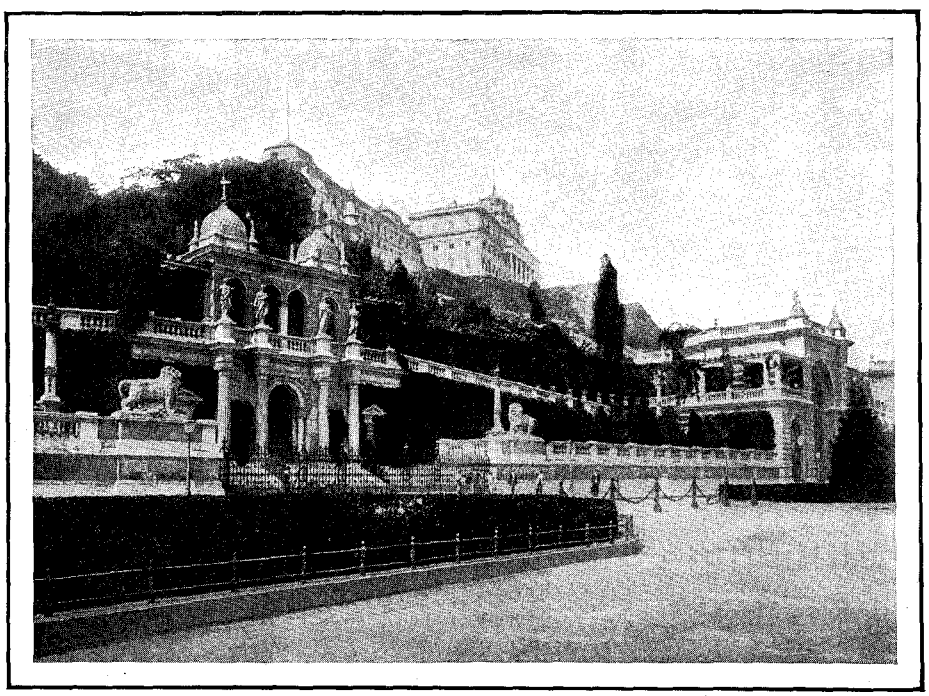
really love neither. Not so the Magyars. For instance, over there in the corner an orchestra is playing impetuously, almost uncivilized in its abandon. Violins are held in all sorts of positions. The bowing seems strangely athletic, almost savage. The tempo, full of sudden surprises, is apparently controlled only—and evidently arbitrarily—by the leader's whim. Close to him, on a table, lies that national instrument, the tzimbalom, a kind of enlarged zither, played upon by padded quills. A rain of bubbling melodies comes from these incredibly swiftly moving soft hammers. The effect of violins, basses, tzimbaloms, is widely emotional, now a moan, now a burst of joy, florid, labyrinthine, rapid, long-drawn-out, elfish, devilish. You hear the sob of the sea and the moan of the forest, and you are moved by almost human cries of longing, rapture, anguish, despair. The music is likely to get on your nerves if you hear too much of it. You wonder no longer that every Hungarian is thrilled to his finger-tips and yells a fierce "Eljen," or hurrah, whenever a band of Tziganes plays the famous Rakóczy War March.

Of course, here at Budapest, one sees and hears a picked lot of Tziganes and other gypsies, and only the best players obtain admittance to the resorts generally patronized by foreigners. To see the gypsies as they really are, however, one should seek the humbler cafés. They are not on the broad boulevards, amid palaces and expensive hotels, but in some of these little winding streets and alleys, and in these coffee-houses where the people are drinking coffee with a genuine Oriental relish, both as to quality and quantity. Here it is that the pathos of gypsy music and the pathos of the improvident, spendthrift, short-lived, woefully picturesque gypsy existences come upon you and emphasize the growing feeling of your aloofness from your surroundings. Only the day before, when you arrived, you looked upon Budapest as Occidental. But that was because you had not penetrated to the heart. Budapest is Occidental in outward show, whether of architecture or of popular life. But here, in these little alleys, one seems insensibly to have crossed the border of the Orient. The other European capitals, London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, where the traveler is perhaps quite at



GARDENS OF THE ROYAL PALACE

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home, are indeed far away. With the gypsies the unfathomable mystery of the East has begun. It seems appropriate, then, that the Tzardas should go on long after midnight—those passionate wails of dance music, which speak not at all of the Western life you have lived, but, instead, of white domes and fountained patios, of turbaned men and veiled women.

One night, however, at the hotel, the band leader did recognize the New World by suddenly playing a negro rag-time melody. What a coming together of queer music that was from the Orient and the Occident! One could hardly tell which was queerer. The rag-time was a concession to the American tradespeople and commercial travelers who patronize that particular hotel. Because of its extensive grain trade they have found Budapest an increasingly favorable market for American agricultural implements, machinery, and other manufactures. One sees continually at the hotels a notable number of our keen, brisk, wide-awake countrymen, and the consular reports show a remarkable growth in Americo-Hungarian trade. Of course, latterly, these relations have become more noteworthy because of the movement of population from Hungary to America, and in the influence on Hungary of the emigrants who return to their native land fortified by American dollars and American energy. Yet, in the direction of material life, Hungary has taught America something too. The Minneapolis mills have been grinding American flour on models supplied many years ago by Hungarian millers, and the street railways at Budapest, whether surface or underground, have been models to New York for the new systems constructed there—thus, in street railway building and also in subway stations, a city on the borders of the Orient has been an exemplar to the foremost city of the New World.

If the American's mind thus reverts homewards, the Tziganes' music, all-conquering, brings it back, from the New World to the Old, from America to Hungary, and to a Hungary, like that about us, unmixed with Teutonism, mixed, if at all, with a strain of the Serb to the South. These coffee-drinkers, mostly peasants, as it happens, seem to speak of a life of romance rather than that of industry and commerce. Somehow the music matches them and their dress. While the Hungarian nobles rarely appear in their national costume, even more picturesque than is that of the peasants, the latter do so more frequently, and here they are in these popular coffee-houses where the Tziganes play. Square-jawed, bright-eyed, with shaggy black hair, white sheepskin coats, gayly embroidered vests, and red leggings, the peasants are smoking their long pipes as they sip their coffee and listen to the dreamy music. One fancies that such a combination comprises their only really absorbing occupation in life. Less picturesque but more vivacious, mill hands and shop men drop in, then some students, some soldiers; a few money-changers and manufacturers; a scattering of lawyers, politicians, men of affairs; a noble or two. Hear them talk! Always virile and vivid, often fiery and even fierce, their talk seems now an Oriental, sad, sing-song strain, now a more Western, glad, strident tone. Once in a while the talk gets bumptious and boastful; generally, however, it is merely exuberant and pleasantly expansive. "Yes," said a Budapestian in the café, "yes, at the present time Vienna is somewhat larger than Budapest, but our city is growing proportionately much faster. You notice that the Danube is a great deal broader at Budapest than at Vienna, and that is significant of the life of the two cities." As a matter of fact, Vienna is nearly twice as large as Budapest. But the Budapestian was right in eulogizing the progress of his own town, which, after Vienna, is the most important place in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Industrially and commercially, Budapest has shown an expansiveness and an elasticity as has hardly any other European city. The Hungarians are proud, as well they may be, not only of their capital, but of their country, now commercially the predominant partner in the Dual Alliance. They feel that as regards population and industry they will also ere long become predominant.

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About all this we are informed with a vivacity and a touch-and-go of talk quite different from the conversational qualities of the Teutons across Hungary's northern border, or of the Orientals across the southern frontier.

The subject of commercial expansion inevitably leads to some vigorous comment upon the strenuous desire of Hungarians for a separate customs tariff from that of Austria. They claim with some reason that the present system sacrifices agricultural Hungary to industrial Austria, and they threaten, unless their wishes be shortly fulfilled, to erect a row of custom-houses along the boundary between Hungary and Austria, and there collect whatever tariff shall seem right to them!

Another demand of the Hungarians upon the Imperial Government, however, is more serious and less likely to be granted. The proud Magyar officers—and none are braver—are forced to give the word of command in the Hungarian contingent of the Imperial army in a foreign and, to many of them, a hated tongue, the German. They have long chafed under this galling restriction, and their request that it be removed is reinforced by that of the great majority of the Hungarian people. The other day the Emperor of Austria, as King of Hungary, declared that, if necessary, he might ultimately accept nine-tenths of the Hungarian Radical programme, but that he would not accept the one-tenth, which comprises the introduction of the Magyar language of command into the Hungarian contingent, and for this reason. The Magyars are only nine millions in a total population for Hungary of twenty millions. If the Magyars are anti-German, the Slavs in Hungary are anti-Magyar. Hence the Emperor advised the Magyars, who rule Hungary, though outnumbered there, to Magyarize the other races in the kingdom. As soon as the Hungarian Government shall have diffused the knowledge of the Magyar language by means of schools, it will be easy to introduce that language into the instruction of regiments recruited from Hungary. Thus, as he thinks, in the interests of the Magyars themselves, the Emperor refuses their demand. But of course he refuses it in his own interest too. How much longer will it be, he asks, before the Czechs would demand their own word of command to be used in the contingent recruited from Bohemia? This would be followed by demands from the other nationalities throughout the Dual Empire. If granted, how much unity and compactness would the Imperial Army then represent? Logical as is this position, it has not as yet had any appreciable influence upon the Hungarians, though many are quick to admit the extraordinary difficulties surrounding that patient and venerable ruler who has in charge so many different nationalities, languages, and temperaments in his well-nigh impossible task of welding them together under one Imperial rule.

The monarch has not yet recognized the coalition Radical Opposition, now in the majority in Hungary, except by such inducements to form a Radical Cabinet as make it practically impossible for any coalition leader to accept. Hence, the present Cabinet, headed by Baron Ferjevary, exists in defiance of the majority. Of course the coalition leaders attack it as unconstitutional. They declare the duty of all good citizens to lie in resistance to such unlawful government, in a non-payment of taxes imposed by it and in a refusal to render military service to it, or otherwise to obey its mandates. The character of such coalition leaders as Louis Kossúth (the younger), Count Andrássy, and Baron Banffy, for instance—in accord with the national temperament and with the nation's increasingly prominent position in the Empire—makes any thought of compromise with the monarch distasteful and repugnant. Indeed, nationalism seems at fever heat. The very suggestion of compromise gives rise to shoutings and turbulence on the part of excitable extremists in Parliament. Their effervescence is an exhibition, albeit a not altogether sane one, of that self-assertive nationalism which was noticed in the usher at the Opera-House. Carried to an unwise length, of course it causes a loss of proper perspective, and some Magyars are so possessed by it as to be blinded to any clearly thought out ideas.

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But there are soberer patriots at work to achieve Hungarian independence; they are achieving it. As in the case of Norway and Sweden, perhaps it may come about without disturbing the European balance. Norway's course has naturally had its due influence upon the Hungarians, and the latter are fond of invoking a certain parallel which exists between the two peoples. But the Norwegians are a homogeneous people; the inhabitants of Hungary are not. Hungary comprises eight peoples; the necessity, therefore, is for following the Emperor's suggestion to Magyarize. Moreover, as the "Budapesti Hirlap," a widely read journal, pointed out the other day, Norway occupies the most northern part of Europe, with Sweden as its only neighbor. Hungary, on the other hand, is in the center of Europe, and has but a little strip of seacoast. Hungary can easily be attacked from all sides, and hence needs an ally. That ally must be Austria, because, with its Teuton and Slav provinces, Austria acts as a buffer State between Hungary and the mighty and possibly covetous German and Russian empires. Austria's Teuton and Slav provinces should be ruled, as they are, by Hungary's King. Hence, why separate?

ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

Why? Because the Hungarians increasingly feel their national strength, and feel it to be now greater than Austria's. This satisfaction has become so much of a delight and a vanity as to make the temptation to try the new strength too great to be resisted—as to make the Magyars forget, for the moment,

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what they might lose by separation. It is certainly appropriate that this race, having behind it probably a prouder and a more persistent nationalism than that of any of the other races—German, Bohemian, Pole, Italian, Croat, Serb, Slavonian, Slovak, Ruthenian, Rumanian —which compose the Empire, should seem to have any considerable chance of escaping from the present "German" system. If they do escape from it and set up for themselves, they will have no sincerer well-wishers than Americans. The visits, long ago, of Louis Kossúth and last year of Count Apponyi, showed to Americans the worth to the world of such statesmen, patriots, and nationalists.

The spirit of that nationalism may be fully appreciated only here in Budapest. It meets us on every hand. It is rampant in the air. The waiter at our hotel, who has to speak German, or else we cannot understand him, gives vent to the all-prevailing feeling as he confidentially advises: "Of course the Herr will desire to choose from the bill of fare something national, a gulyás, for instance, or a páprikahuhn." But páprika, or Hungarian pepper, whether applied to a meat stew or to a fowl, is not altogether to the stranger's taste.

The other day, on entering Hungary from Austria, I said to an elderly but characteristically vivacious Magyar in the railway carriage: "The Emperor of Austria, as King of Hungary, is doubtless beloved here also." The man's vivacity froze instantly. For a moment he looked at me with a countenance more in sorrow than anger, and then slowly replied: "Sir, once I *had* to speak to that gentleman [the Emperor]. As an officer in the Hungarian army, it was my duty. But, many years ago, it was also my duty to direct my cannon against him." After a while I persisted: "Will Hungary one day be independent?" "Hungary is already independent," gravely replied the otherwise lively officer. "But after Francis Joseph's death there will hardly be any union with the Germans in Austria. Those Germans ought then to go over to their William II. and finally constitute the longed-for pan-German Hohenzollern Empire."

Whatever be the Hungarian future, whether as Austria's ally or as an independent nation, the Magyars will be, as they have been, the bulwark of civilization in southeastern Europe. An ancient, virile, impetuous, romantic, progressive race, their story has been and doubtless always will be the story of brave and brilliant deeds.

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An Upstart on Opera

By Robert Haven Schauffler

WHEN I hear master-singers and mistress-songstresses performing grand opera in the Metropolitan, I am filled with wonder and delight, and call down benedictions on the heads of the composer, the conductor, the stage manager, the cast, and the corps de ballet. When, amid the comparative silence of the elevated railway, I think it over afterwards, I begin to regret the artistic waste involved, for I remember that the composer, in wrestling with a libretto, can be but half a composer, and the spectator of opera but half a hearer. At such times I am prone to regard all the beauty of the music as a brand snatched from the burning—a mere tithe of what we might now possess if the composer had invested an equal amount of his creative energy in higher forms of art. But when I think of the thousands on thousands of still-born operas, and of the tremendous odds that the one I have just heard would never see the light, I pray to be made humbly thankful for that which I have received.

It is a source of constant wonder to me how the definite art of poetry can be conjoined to the infinite art of music without narrowly constricting the latter's horizon. Perhaps this is possible only when music serves as a sort of transcendental commentary on those thoughts of the poet that

> " broke through language and escaped."

The ideal song-writer never sets the lines to music. He sets what is between them. But even when Music treats the most glorious poetry thus, her white wings are generally a little soiled, a bit bedraggled; and when she sinks from immortal verse to the doggerel of the opera libretto, she profanes her nature and risks her immortality.

I know of no libretto—not even one of Wagner's—that may be dignified by the name of poetry. A libretto is usually a series of pretexts for solos, duets, quartets, and choruses, absurdly thrown together with a lack of art and of logical connection which would make a Bowery melodrama shudder. The pre-Wagnerian opera is somewhat akin to vaudeville, in that it is a continuous show of more or less unrelated vocal "turns," bound together principally by the exertions of the orchestra. The libretto is so bad because it is so difficult to write. No dramatist has yet arisen with enough of genius to make a libretto which sacrifices itself sufficiently to the stringent demands of the form, and remains good from a literary and dramatic standpoint. And yet, degrade himself as he will for the sake of the music, the librettist has never yet been a genuine inspiration but only a handicap to the composer, and the precious parts of our favorite operas were not written because of the text but in spite of it.

It was said that Schubert could set a handbill to music. Certainly Mozart's feats in "The Marriage of Figaro" and "The Magic Flute" are on a par with this; but when I think how much better these gentlemen did in their "Unfinished" and G minor symphonies, I wish that they had let the handbills alone and finished more symphonies.

Where music is concerned I want a wide sweep for my imagination. Opera hitches Music to a disreputable, raw-boned Pegasus which drags her along a narrow-gauge track, where the far prospects of meadow and lake and misty hill are shut off by the efforts of the scene-painter. In Shakespeare's theater the auditor was allowed to treat his mind's eye to a boskier, a far more glamourous Forest of Arden than is furnished nowadays by paint and canvas. But opera seized on all the imagination-saving devices of the later drama, and gave us a Fafner that no child would call a "truly" dragon, and the edifying spectacle of Siegfried, in the throes of melody, helping his bird down the wire with his toe, thereby giving rise to news-

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paper clamors for a "kick motif." I want no Rip Van Winkle thunder with my music, no crockery catastrophe. I like mine straight. I can supply instantly, and at trifling expense, far more gorgeous trappings, more terrifying convulsions of nature, a more mysteriously shifting background, than Mr. Conried has as yet procured. With a recent Continental writer I deeply deplore the opera wind "der von rechts her blasend ein Schiff von links sich entgegentreibt." I do not wish to have my attention distracted from the music by the beauty, the hideousness, or the excellence of the prima donna or the landscape, or by the antics of a horse with less appreciation for opera than I. I hate to sit on tenterhooks (or does one hang on them?) for fear the tenor may miss his high C, or that the chorus will be divided against itself—that La Tosca's hair-pins may not behave properly, that Klingsor's castle may prove unexpectedly durable, or that the scenery of "Götterdämmerung" may gape and reveal a trolley-car in the street beyond. These things make all opera "comic," but it passes to the borderland between farce and tragedy when it is sung distinctly in a language one knows. Then the ghastly artificiality of it all is made bearable only by a saving sense of humor.

There is a certain scene in "Carmen" where two noble knights are pacing before a villa and holding converse in an unintelligible tongue. Perhaps they are planning how they may defend the edifice from the assaults of the Paynims; perhaps one is telling the other about the lady of his heart inside; perhaps they are engaged in a discussion of the Platonic philosophy. The music has such a latitude of suggestion that it might apply to any of these topics, or to almost any other. As I religiously abstain from "books of the opera," this scene was always a source of wide and pleasant speculation for me until I heard it given in English once with a brutally distinct enunciation.

"Ah, what is yon structure?" inquired one of the knights.

"That's a cigarette factory," was the response.

Bizet, I am sure, could make an imposing setting for full chorus and orchestra of Baedeker's account of Liverpool.

When I reflect that in actual life the world over no man answers another in a burst of song, I am led to think that the sort of idealism represented by opera is flapping through the upper ether on the pinions of a goose. Even if a man did sing out to his wife for his shoes and to his man-servant about manuring the south meadow, he would do so in recitative more probably than in lyrics with repeats and symmetrical stanzas.

Richard Wagner realized the absurdity of this sort of thing, and admitted in his book "The Music of the Future" that "opera as the complete, finished product of strangers is from the ground up foreign to the nature of the German people." For all this he did not propose to abandon German opera except in name, but to hark back to the Greek drama for a model and to create a "word-tone-poem" which should be less artificial and more artistic and natural than "opera."

I am glad he did, for this was the medium best fitted for the transmission of his own particular unique genius. But while his belief in his erroneous philosophy of art was the power behind the pen that gave us "The Ring" and "Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger," that very philosophy has since his day diverted many a genius from more legitimate and fruitful forms of art. Rubinstein declared that one could make a concert out of the notes he dropped in an evening, and Wagner's later works are so great that they jauntily carry off faults which have killed the products of many lesser artists. They are the rule-proving exceptions.

Wagner's basal principle, which he thought he derived from the success of the Greek drama, is this: "The artistic man can be perfectly satisfied only by the fusion of all the arts into a common work of art." He proposed to accomplish this by a democratic coalition of music, poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, and acting. He forgot that the Greeks had nothing in the way of music beyond the piping of a few penny whistles in unison with the voices—an element of the performance not calculated,

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surely, to win the auditor's attention away from the poetry of Æschylus and of Sophocles. The Greeks knew nothing about harmony, nor the Romans either, nor anybody before the tenth century A.D. Neither was the dramatic art of those days a serious rival to the poetic. There was no scenery. The actor's features were entirely hidden by the fixed stare of a mask; his voice was disguised by a sort of megaphone in the way of a mouthpiece; his shoes were so thick as to resemble stilts, making much action difficult and perilous; and his numbers were small, Æschylus writing for two and Sophocles for three actors only. Another great element of distraction was absent: no women were allowed on the stage. All the conditions of the Attic drama conspire to focus the attention of the audience on the art of poetry; and so, far from helping the theories of Wagner, it corroborates the conviction which many of us hold with Ehrich Urban that "true Art does not consist in a union of all its branches, but in each branch by itself. . . . The artist works out his own salvation only in a work of art that is a pure, true portrait of his soul. . . . in a word-tone-poem each participating art keeps back its own strength," or "one triumphs at the expense of the others."

That an artist cannot serve two masters equally well Wagner proved in his librettos, which a wide stretch of uncritical benevolence could hardly call poetry. I have noticed that those who insist on his excellence as a poet have almost invariably acquired their opinions at second hand. "I do not plume myself," wrote Wagner to the publisher-poet Gaillard, "upon my poetic calling, and acknowledge that I took up writing my texts myself only from necessity, because no good ones were offered me." Here, then, is another point of disparity between the Attic and the Bayreuth "word-tone-poem." The greatness of the former lay in the predominance of the poetry; of the latter, in the predominance of the music. If the alpha and omega in Wagner's fusion of the arts had not been music, we should never have heard of the Ring on this side of the Atlantic.

The more indistinct the words of Wagner, the simpler the stage appointments, the less renowned the cast, the more I enjoy my evening; for these circumstances allow my attention to bask more comfortably on the real drama going on in the orchestral pit. For the same reason I appreciate Wagner more on the concert stage than at Bayreuth.

The artist has always been and will always be the specialist, and it is one of the most pathetic of sights to see him working under conditions or driven by theories which make him spread himself out thin. Wagner was the great exception to the rule that the libretto is the musician's worst enemy. His librettos were better and hampered his music less than those of any other composer. But a Wagner is not born every century, and his example is guilty of a waste of creative energy so great as to be tragic. One pure art is a field quite large enough for any man's best endeavors, and it is a comfort to be sure that, after all this false agitation for fusion, it is a richer domain as well than any wider one he might choose. In his monograph on Strauss and Wagner Urban declares: "As the lyric artist attains his full expression only in lyric, the epic artist in epic, and the dramatic artist in dramatic poetry, so the musician attains his in music alone, the poet in poetry, and the painter in painting."

With all my theorizing, I attend the opera, and, after the due allowances and adjustments, drink in the music of "La Sonnambula" and "Das Rheingold," of "Manon" and "Orpheus," of "Figaro" and "Fidelio," with exquisite pleasure.

But there is a kind of drama for which I need make no allowances, and I prefer one of pure poetry like Macbeth and Brand and Herod in the seclusion of my library, or one of pure music—whether in four immortal acts by Beethoven and Brahms, or in one mighty act by Richard Strauss.

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Addresses: Historical—Political—Sociological. By Frederic R. Coudert. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9¾ in. 452 pages.

It is well that these fragmentary memorials of a busy, useful, and distinguished career have been collected in permanent form. They are valuable as specimens of a style worth studying by nascent writers and speakers; more valuable for the high qualities of mind and ideals of character that they embody, and for the noble type of citizenship that they present. Mr. Coudert won pre-eminent distinction as an international lawyer. His lecture before the Naval War College on "International Law—the Rights of Ships," discussing the celebrated, and to us discreditable, Barrundia case, in which the blood of a political refugee was spilled on an American deck, is preserved in this volume. He was a master also in a lighter and facetious vein of discourse, an excellent specimen of which is his address before the Catholic Union on "Lying as a Fine Art"—a good second to De Quincey's famous essay on murder. A man of far-reaching public spirit, broad sympathies, and warm religious faith, Mr. Coudert deserves that honorable remembrance which this volume will contribute to diffuse and secure.

Ancient Grudge (The). By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4¾×8 in. 477 pages. $1.50.

Few, if any, novels of the season show more thoughtful and solid work in character-study than this book, which is, moreover, distinctly well written. "The Ancient Grudge" is the irksome sense of obligation felt by one young man to another who has saved his life as a boy, and in the main the novel is a study of the divergent temperaments of these two men. They are students at Harvard together, live in the same town, love the same girl, and in the end the mercurial, sanguine, visionary Stewart dies heroically and dramatically, while the heroism of Keith (who as a boy had saved his friend's life) takes the form of steady persistence and strength of mind and purpose. To some extent the story deals with labor questions, but, while it presents some phases of the problem in an interesting way, it does not go very deeply into the subject. There are several well-drawn minor characters, a quiet sense of humor, and a refined social atmosphere; the weakest point is construction.

Ancient Legends of Roman History. By Ettore Pais, LL.D. Translated by Mario E. Cosenza. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 336 pages. $4, net.

Professor Pais, of the University of Naples, the author of a valued "Storia di Roma," has now published a review of those very early Roman legends which form the substratum of later political and social development. The book will be of especial interest to those who have seen the Roman Forum, for the author discusses certain points raised by the recently uncovered remains there, such, for instance, as the age of the Black Stone, the supposed tomb of Romulus. The author also furnishes some new explanations of such primitive legends as those of the Horatii and Servius Tullius. The book should challenge the attention of all who care for archæology and early Roman history.

Animal Heroes. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 363 pages. $2.

Reserved for later notice.

Apostle Paul (The). By Alexander Whyte, D.D. Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati. 4½×7½ in. 231 pages. $1, net.

Appointed Way (The): A Tale of the Seventh-Day Adventists. By Hope Daring. The Griffith & Rowland Press, Philadelphia. 5×8 in. 336 pages. $1, net. (Postage, 12c.)

Arme Spielman (Der). By Franz Grillparzer. Edited by William Guild Howard. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 143 pages.

Art of the National Gallery (The). By Julia de Wolf Addison. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 389 pages. $2, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Arts and Crafts of Old Japan. By Stewart Dick. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5½×7¾ in. 153 pages. $1.20, net.

The interest in Japanese art is daily increasing. Hence the present volume should be eagerly seized upon by the many readers and learners, especially as it is not intended for the collector or for the connoisseur, but merely for those who require an introduction to a hitherto insufficiently explored field of art. After an introductory survey, the author reviews the subjects of painting, color-printing, sculpture and carving, metal-work, keramics, lacquer, and landscape gardening. The book is well printed, bound, and illustrated, as the author's text deserves.

At the Sign of the Dollar. By Wallace Irwin. Illustrated. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 109 pages. $1.

Autobiography of Anthony Trollope. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 319 pages. $1.25.

A new edition of a very interesting book by one of the most industrious and in many ways one of the most successful novelists of the past generation, printed and bound in a style uniform with the excellent edition of Trollope's novels issued by the same publishers.

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Auto Fun. Pictures and Comments from "Life." Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 8¾×7 in. 100 pages. $1, net. (Postage, 10c.)

Bacon Cryptograms in Shakespeare, and Other Studies. By Isaac Hull Platt. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 5×7¼ in. 124 pages.

Banjo Talks. By Anne Virginia Culbertson. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 5×8 in. 171 pages.

Beaufort Chums. By Edwin L. Sabin. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 281 pages. $1.

Best Policy (The). By Elliott Flower. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 5×7½ in. 268 pages. $1.50.

This volume of short stories might have been written by a clever advertising agent for a life insurance company, provided he had some little ability as a story-teller. It would make an excellent guide for young insurance agents in the art of soliciting business.

Bible (The): A Missionary Book. By Robert F. Horton, M.A., D.D. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 4½×7½ in. 192 pages. $1, net.

Book of Psalms (A). By Owen R. Washburn. The Washburn Publishing Co., 129 W. 125th Street, New York. 5½×9 in. 30 pages.

Boy Captive in Canada (The). By Mary P. Wells Smith. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 4¾×7¼ in. $1.25.

Boys Who Became Famous Men. By Harriet Pearl Skinner. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 221 pages. $1.25.

Boys, old and young, will find interest in these stories of Giotto, Gainsborough, and Canova; of Bach, Händel, and Chopin; of Byron and Coleridge.

Brass Bound Box (The). By Evelyn Raymond. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 325 pages. $1.25.

Business Philosophy. By Benjamin F. Cobb. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4½×7¾ in. 292 pages. $1.20, net.

Chapters of practical advice to young men in business life.

Captain Myles Standish. By Tudor Jenks. The Century Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 250 pages. $1.20, net.

A simple, straightforward story of the life of the Pilgrim soldier, who was a unique figure in the Plymouth colony. There is nothing to connect him with the religious belief or practices of the rest of the Pilgrims, but he was respected and loved by them, and held positions of trust in the community. Mr. Jenks's account gives an impression of accuracy and care, but it lacks picturesqueness and any romantic quality.

Catch Words of Cheer. New Series. Compiled by Sara A. Hubbard. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 4½×8 in. 75c., net.

Cavalieri Moderni. By Fanny Zampini Salazar. Enrico Voghera, Rome, Italy. 4¾×7½ in. 530 pages.

In reading this volume one is conscious of the author's high aim in revealing present-day social injustices so as to produce a horror of vice and the passion for virtue. The plot and characters invented and vivaciously portrayed by Countess Zampini Salazar are those which we might expect from an author whose acquaintanceship with Roman society is so intimate. While the book affords a clear and vivid picture of contemporary manners among certain Italian classes, we could wish that, for the sake of foreign readers, there were more description of city and country. But this is hypercritical.

Civics: Studies in American Citizenship. By Waldo H. Sherman. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 328 pages. $1.

An excellent text-book for the training of young men for citizenship. The second half of the book, entitled "Collegeville," gives an interesting plan for the political organization of a class or club. The group of boys are supposed to settle a township and work out for themselves the various steps in the political development of their community.

Companionship of Books and Other Papers (The). By Frederic Rowland Marvin. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 320 pages.

This is an entertaining *pot pourri*, taking its title from the first of some forty short chapters, subjoined to which is a collection of "chips from a literary workshop." With a large anecdotical element and great variety of subject, it is distinctively a book for leisure moments, which may be opened at any page, for thoughts on the most diverse subjects, suited to various moods.

Days and Hours of Raphael (The). With Key to the Hours. By Rachel A. La Fontaine. Illustrated. The Grafton Press, New York. 6×9½ in. 49 pages.

Deep Sea's Toll (The). By James B. Connolly. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 315 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Democracy in the South Before the Civil War. By G. W. Dyer, M.A. Publishing House of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Nashville, Tenn. 6¼×9½ in. 90 pages. $1.

Demonism of the Ages, Spirit Obsessions so Common in Spiritism, Oriental and Occidental Occultism. By J. M. Peebles, M.D. (Third Edition.) The Peebles Medical Institute, Battle Creek, Michigan. 6×9¼ in. 383 pages.

Diary of a Bride (The). Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 159 pages. $1, net.

Divine Comedy of Dante (The). Four Lectures. By Walter L. Sheldon. S. Burns Weston, Philadelphia. 4½×7½ in. 126 pages. 50c.

Editorial Wild Oats. By Mark Twain. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×8¼ in. 85 pages. $1.

A small volume containing several of Mark Twain's earlier stories—extravagant tales of newspaper life.

Elektronentheorie (Die). By Prof. Dr. H. Kayser. Edited by Arthur S. Wright. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 37 pages.

Emerson Calendar (An). Edited by Huntington Smith. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 117 pages. 50c., net. (Postage, 5c.)

Egypt, Burma, and British Malaysia. By William Eleroy Curtis. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 399 pages. $2, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Fate of the Middle Classes. By Walter G. Cooper. Consolidated Retail Booksellers, New York. 4½×7½ in. 200 pages. $1.25, net.

A very suggestive little volume, with more of

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practical suggestion on the current industrial problem than one would expect from so unpretentious a book. Its keynote is the sentence, "We have the trust because the world needs it." Its solution of the problem is indicated in the following sentence: "In the following chapters I undertake to show how the trust is a necessary step towards the federation of industry and the eventual establishment of an industrial clearing-house, which will approximately adjust production to consumption and save the world the immense loss and incalculable suffering that is now caused by overproduction." The Outlook heartily agrees with the author's general positions, (1) that the remedy for industrial wars is to be found, not in industrial disorganization and the re-establishment of competition, but in a more thorough organization of industry and the development of co-operation; and (2) that this co-operation is to be secured, not by government ownership and administration of all industries, (*i.e.*, State Socialism), but by the promotion of a popular ownership of the implements of industry, and a share in the profits of industry among all who carry it on (*i.e.*, co-operation and profit-sharing). But it thinks that the author, in laying stress on the adjustment of production to consumption, so as to prevent over-production, loses sight of what is still more important, namely, such a distribution of wealth, through a process of profit-sharing, as shall increase the demand. For the industrial problem is twofold: the regulation and often limitation of production, and the increase of purchasing capacity in the people, and so their power to use advantageously what is produced. And we should like to see the author set forth a little more fully his idea of class representation in government. How it would be advantageous, or even possible, in a community whose basic idea is no hereditary caste or class, we are unable to see. Despite these criticisms, we think this volume a real contribution to the thought of the day, because characterized by three qualities not too often found in combination in treatises on our industrial problems, namely, a careful study of existing conditions, a sane and non-partisan judgment respecting them, and something of prophetic vision regarding the tendency of industrial progress and the direction in which it should be guided.

Famous Battles of the Nineteenth Century. Described by Archibald Forbes, George A. Henty, Major Arthur Griffiths, and Other Well-known Writers. Edited by Charles Welsh. Illustrated. The A. Wessels Co., New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 414 pages. $1.25.

Forest Lovers (The). By Maurice Hewlett. (Édition de Luxe.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9½ in. 384 pages. $3, net.

The first volume of an *édition de luxe* of Mr. Hewlett's works, uniform with the special editions of Walter Pater and Matthew Arnold already issued by the same publishers; to be complete in ten octavo volumes, bound in substantial green cloth with a silk effect, printed from large type on an ample page, and not too heavy for the hand. Mr. Hewlett's work as a whole will be the subject of more extended comment a little later.

Fern Allies of North America North of Mexico (The). By Willard Nelson Clute. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 278 pages.

A well-illustrated manual of the families of non-flowering plants, other than the ferns, found in North America north of Mexico.

Frederick the Great and the Seven Years' War. Translated from the German of Ferdinand Schrader. By George P. Upton. (Life Stories for Young People Series.) Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×6¾ in. 145 pages. 60c., net.

God's Choice of Men: A Study of Scripture. By William R. Richards. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×8½ in. 231 pages. $1.50, net.

This volume of sermons is characterized by clearness of thought and a quiet courage of conviction. There is nothing of that polemical courage which defiantly takes up an unpopular theme from a military love of fighting. The theme is unpopular—the doctrine of election—but it is treated by one who believes in it and believes that he can commend it by rational treatment to rational men. We doubt whether he would have been regarded as orthodox by the Westminster divines; we are not even certain that he would be regarded as quite orthodox by Princeton Theological Seminary; and we are quite sure that his interpretation of election is not that of the Confession, nor that of Calvin's Institutes. So much, indeed, the author himself concedes in calling it frankly "a new-fashioned treatment of the old-fashioned doctrine of God's election of men," and in frankly acknowledging as "a most serious defect of our Westminster Confession of Faith" that it "did not show clearly what God elects men for." We do not, it is true, think that the Westminster Confession is justly amenable to this criticism. Its answer to the question what men are elected for is clear enough; the difficulty is that the answer is not true. It says: "Some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death." According to Dr. Richards, election is "election to service." We agree with Dr. Richards; that is, we think that on this point he is Scriptural and the Confession is not. However, his book is not a volume on theology, but a book of sermons; and if it does not succeed in justifying the Westminster doctrine of election, it does what is much more important, it interprets a Scriptural doctrine of election which is both rational and inspirational. Besides courage and clearness, these sermons have another characteristic—very clear-cut portraiture of modern characters typified by Scriptural characters. Of this the sermon on Esau and Jacob affords a striking illustration in its portraiture of the American Esau, who is "a splendid fellow" whom everybody likes, and who "cuts a great figure in his class in college," but has "no staying power," because he is never willing

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to "take any real trouble day after day" to realize the ideals that he talks about but never accomplishes. These sermons are worth reading by laymen for their spiritual instructiveness and by clergymen as suggestive models.

Greatness in Literature and Other Papers. By W. P. Trent. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 248 pages. $1.20, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Green Shay (The). By George Wasson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 305 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

He and Hecuba. By Baroness von Hutten. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 299 pages. $1.50.

There is never any doubt as to the ability of this writer to hold her readers' attention or as to her power of bringing out her men and women into sharp definition. There is doubt, however, as to her soundness in dealing with moral questions and the wholesomeness of her manner of making her characters play about the edges of social sin. Those who found it difficult for this reason to like "Pam," with all its cleverness, will feel the same objection here. This story, too, is clumsily and hurriedly ended by wholesale slaughter.

Herbert Brown. By O. B. Whitaker, M.A. Donohue & Co., Chicago. 5¼×7½ in. 314 pages.

Heroes of Iceland. By Allen French. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 297 pages. $1.50.

An adaptation of Dasent's well-known translation of "The Story of Burnt Njal," with a new preface, introduction, and notes by Allen French; a very convenient form of the greatest of Icelandic stories.

Higher Criticism Cross-Examined (The). By Frederick Davis Storey. The Griffith & Rowland Press, Philadelphia. 5¼×8 in. 262 pages. $1.25. (Postage, 10c.)

The author's point of view is indicated by his acceptance of the legendary narratives in the first portion of Genesis as historical, and by his belief that Jesus' references to them attest them to be such. The fundamental fallacy of this class of works is in a misconception of what "the supernatural" really is.

History of Political Theories (A): From Luther to Montesquieu. By William Archibald Dunning, Ph.D., LL.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8¾ in. 459 pages. $2.50.

Reserved for later notice.

His Version of It. By Paul Leicester Ford. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 109 pages. $1.50.

This very pretty story is published as a Christmas book with a great deal of paper, print, and decoration.

Hobby Camp. By Frank H. Sweet. Illustrated. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5×7½ in. 308 pages. $1.

Home Life in France. By Miss Betham-Edwards. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5½×9 in. 310 pages. $2.50, net.

This title is a misnomer. Miss Betham-Edwards describes other sides of life in France than merely the home life. We learn about education, society, the army, officialdom, and we are the more vividly instructed because of the anecdotal character of the narrative. The book is an excellent one for the intending sojourner in France, and it will, of course, interest those who have sojourned in that country. Miss Betham-Edwards writes with the intimate knowledge which might be expected from her—she is an "officer of public instruction" in France. Her book is a refutation of the idea, often expressed by the superficial traveler, that the domestic factor in French life is not its dominant quality.

House of Mirth (The). By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 531 pages. $1.50.

This book, undoubtedly the most important work of fiction so far published this season, was discussed editorially in The Outlook last week.

Howdy, Honey, Howdy. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8¾ in. $1.50, net.

How to Study Pictures. By Charles H. Caffin. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 513 pages. $1.80, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Imperial Drug Trade (The). By Joshua Rowntree. Methuen & Co., London. 5×7¾ in. 304 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

"In the Heights." By Richard Watson Gilder. The Century Co., New York. 4¼×7¼ in. 95 pages. $1, net. (Postage, 5c.)

Reserved for later notice.

Indian Dispossessed (The). By Seth K. Humphrey. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 298 pages. $1.50, net.

We ascribe to this author the best intentions, but we do not think his book will render any real service to the Indian cause. We fear it will render disservice. All that he says may be true, but he does not tell all the truth. From reading this volume one would suppose that the United States Government had done nothing but rob and plunder the Indians, or at best be silently accessory to their being robbed. Without having read this book absolutely through, we do not think the author gives any account of what the Government has done for the protection, the civilization, and the education of the Indians; and we are quite certain that he has given no adequate account of either public or private beneficence toward them. The only remedy he has to suggest for the wrongs that do exist is this: "The prime requisite for the advancement of the public good is to instill in the public mind a deep, persistent distrust of the National Congress." Distrust may be natural; it may be necessary; but mere distrust is no remedy for anything. The simple truth is that barbarism cannot exist permanently surrounded by civilization. How to hold the cruder forces of civilization in check while the Indian is learning is the political Indian problem. How to teach the Indian to accept modern civilization is the

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educational and religious problem. Mr. Humphrey's volume throws no real light on either.

Inner Chamber and the Inner Life (The). By Rev. Andrew Murray, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 170 pages. 75c., net.

Inner Life (The). By J. R. Miller, D.D. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 32 pages. 50c, net. (Postage, 5c.)

In the Secret of His Presence: Helps for the Inner Life When Alone with God. By the Rev. G. H. Knight. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 5¼×8 in. 230 pages. $1.25.

James Russell Lowell: His Life and Work. By Ferris Greenslet. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 309 pages. $1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Johann Sebastian Bach. Translated from the German of Ludwig Ziemssen. By George P. Upton. (Life Stories for Young People.) A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×6¾ in. 133 pages. 60c.

Justice. By Charles Wagner. Translated from the French by Mary Louise Hendee. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 227 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Lady Dear: The Little Mistress of a Castle in Spain. By Millicent E. Mann. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5½×8 in. 222 pages. $1, net.

Life that Counts (The). By Samuel Valentine Cole. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 124 pages. 75c., net.

Little Dauphin (The). Translated from the German of Franz Hoffmann. By George P. Upton. Illustrated. (Life Stories for Young People.) A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×6¾ in. 150 pages. 60c.

Little Princess (A). By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 6½×9¼ in. 266 pages. $2.

Mrs. Burnett in a delightful introduction explains that when she came to make a play out of "Sara Crewe" (which, by the way, was one of the prettiest books for children ever written), she found that a great many things had happened at Miss Minchin's school, where Sara lived, which she had not included in the story. So she put them into the play, and when she came to rewrite the story to get those things into it, she found that there were lots of things that hadn't even got into the play. So here is the whole story of Sara Crewe, nicer than it was at first and nicer than the play, because there's more of it, with a dozen beautiful colored pictures.

Liquor Problem (The): A Summary of Investigations Conducted by the Committee of Fifty, 1893-1903. Prepared for the Committee by John S. Billings, Charles W. Eliot, Henry W. Farnam, Jacob L. Greene, and Francis G. Peabody. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7¼ in. 182 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Lodgings in Town. By Arthur Henry. Illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 327 pages. $1.50.

The same cheerful philosophy and happy acceptance of things as they are appears in this entertaining account of town experiences that attracted readers to the other books by Mr. Henry. To interest yourself in others, to go with the tide of the great city and observe closely every possible condition, is his recipe for happiness. Add to this an especial care for one person in particular—like Nancy—and the picture is complete. The faith that kept firm hold of the youth who began his New York life possessed of one clean collar and a poem must be the kind that moves mountains. Particularly good are the descriptions of the office where Nancy worked and the Baxter Street lodgings where she and her poet lived.

Loves of Great Composers (The). By Gustav Kobbé. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 176 pages. $1.50.

Lynette and the Congressman. By Mary Farley Sanborn. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 396 pages. $1.50.

Maria Theresa. Translated from the German of W. D. von Horn. By George P. Upton. Illustrated. (Life Stories for Young People Series.) A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×6¾ in. 141 pages. 60c.

Mary 'n' Mary. By Edith Francis Foster. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 4¾×7½ in. 209 pages. $1.25.

Mayor of Troy (The). By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 344 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Merciful Unto Me a Sinner. By Elinor Dawson. Thompson & Thompson, Chicago. 4¾×7¾ in. 446 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Penwiper's Fairy Godmother. By Amy Woods. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 98 pages. 50c.

Mrs. Raffles. By John Kendrick Bangs. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 4¼×7 in. 180 pages. $1.25.

A parody of Mr. Hornung's stories of Raffles, the amateur cracksman, very badly done.

Mohammed and the Rise of Islam. By D. S. Margoliouth. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 481 pages. $1.35, net.

While the biographies of Krehl, Grimme, Buhl, Sprenger, and Muir, the writings of Goldziher, Wellhausen, and Nöldeke, and recently published Arabic works, form the basis of this new life of Mohammed, it is distinguished by a bold originality that is certain to create discussion. Briefly, Mr. Margoliouth contends that, so far from being a religious fanatic, the Prophet was a remarkably clear-headed statesman who, perceiving the necessity for binding together the warring Arab tribes, and believing that this could be accomplished only through "the revelation of a divine code," conceived the idea of posing as a messenger from Allah, and succeeded in securing recognition by resorting to sundry tricks and devices with which we have been made familiar by latter-day "mediums"—his so-called epileptic attacks being among the numerous artifices for the propagation of belief in his pretensions. Apart from the dragoon-like treatment of the question of the Prophet's sincerity and of all phases of his religious development, and despite defects of verbosity and discursiveness, the book is of no uncertain value. To criti-

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cal study of the best authorities is added a thorough knowledge of Arabia and its people, and the reader can hardly fail to obtain an exact idea of the factors contributing to accelerate or retard the spread of the new faith, and of the remarkable series of events which transferred Mohammed "from his shop in Mecca to the throne of an empire which threatened to engulf the world."

Mount Desert: A History. By George E. Street. Edited by Samuel A. Eliot. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5½×8½ in. 370 pages. $2.50, net.

The many visitors to Mount Desert will be interested in this well printed and illustrated volume.

Northerner (The). By Norah Davis. The Century Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 324 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Northern Trails. By William J. Long. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 390 pages. $1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Old France in the New World. By James Douglas, LL.D. Illustrated. The Burrows Brothers Co., Cleveland. 5½×8½ in. 597 pages. $2.50, net. (Postage, 21c.)

Dr. Douglas's book may find fit place alongside Sir Gilbert Parker's "In Old Quebec," Sir John Bourinot's "The Story of Canada," and the dozen volumes of Parkman's histories. Of Quebec in the seventeenth century we have a welcome detailed description which occupies most of the volume.

Occupations for Little Fingers: A Manual for Grade Teachers, Mothers, and Settlement Workers. By Elizabeth Sage and Anna M. Cooley, B.S. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 154 pages.

Philippine Islands (The). By Fred W. Atkinson. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5½×8½ in. 426 pages. $3, net.

The material for this book was gathered by the author when he was at the head of Public Education in the Philippine Islands. Its information is of the encyclopædic sort, conveyed clearly and pleasantly. About a quarter of the book is given to a brief summary of the geography and history of the islands. The rest of the book is devoted to an account of the people and of the conditions under which they live. The author's views of the character of the people and of the proper mode of government for them are in harmony with the present Administration. The book is illustrated with half-tone reproductions of photographs. No intelligent policy with regard to the Philippines can well be established and maintained unless the American people as a whole keep informed about the islands. The appearance of such a book as this, therefore, is to be welcomed, for it is the sort of popular presentation of the subject that the ordinary reader will find intelligible. It will prove serviceable for supplementary reading in schools or as a book of reference for school libraries.

Pole Baker. By Will N. Harben. Harper & Bros., New York. 4¾×7¾ in. 357 pages. $1.50.

Another story of northern Georgia. Mr. Harben reproduces the life and humor of this region as racily in his way as Richard Malcolm Johnston did years ago in another fashion. "Pole Baker" is as original, amusing, and forceful as was his old friend Abner Daniel, of whom this author made a mild sort of Southern David Harum. There is a primitive simplicity about these Georgian tales that sometimes makes one smile a little in the wrong place; but there is honest, hearty, home-spun stuff in them all the same; and if they are occasionally innocently coarse they are yet very truly and forcibly moral in intention.

Plunkitt of Tammany Hall. By William L. Riordon. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 183 pages.

Discourses of a veteran Tammany district leader, in which he discusses political subjects with utter frankness and great picturesqueness of language. "Practical politics" is portrayed from the inside by one of the most "practical" of politicians, a man who has become a millionaire by knowing how to take advantage of his opportunities and how to make opportunities to take advantage of. A prefatory note by Mr. Charles Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, indorsing Mr. Plunkitt, gives the book a semi-official character as an exposition of Tammany principles.

Poor and the Land (The). By H. Rider Haggard. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 157 pages. 75c.

This volume is a reprint, by permission of the British Government, of its "blue book" containing the report to Parliament by Mr. Rider Haggard of the results of the investigation which he had been commissioned last winter to make. The object of it was to ascertain whether the results were such as to warrant some undertaking like that of our Salvation Army colonies to transfer to various parts of the British Empire portions of the congested population in the cities of Great Britain. The report here given is as complete in all details as could be desired, both as to general statements and the particulars of individual experience related by the colonists and supported by affidavits. The Commissioner declares himself "extremely well satisfied." At Fort Romie, the California settlement, the settlers are now, at the end of four years, worth an average of some $2,000 per head above all debts and liabilities, and at Fort Amity, in Colorado, an average of over $1,000. The Salvation Army, however, is about $50,000 out of pocket, partly through a three years' drought previous to irrigation, partly through the initial cost of the estates purchased, unexpected expense to get rid of alkali in the soil, and high interest on borrowed capital, partly through undercalculation of the terms of repayment by the settlers. Notwithstanding such drawbacks, the success of the undertaking is pronounced to have been "very cheaply bought," and press reports that these settlements are financially a failure are stamped as "totally inaccurate." Sufficient

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corroboration of this testimony has been given by the offer of the Dominion Government, in view of the results revealed by the Commissioner's investigation, of three hundred and sixty square miles of land for a beginning of similar experiments for the relief of the congested city population of Great Britain. For such a beginning he argues persuasively. The special interest of American readers in his report is obvious. The same need exists here as in British cities to plant out from the overcrowded slums upon the land. The Salvation Army is the best available agency now in sight to undertake the work with a public confidence due to its initial successes, and it should not be suffered to be any longer out of pocket in such work. While these lines are being written the news comes that General Booth, with the co-operation of the Australian Government, is preparing an assisted emigration of thousands of poor families to that country.

Queen's Page (The). By Cornelia Baker. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 5×8¼ in. 319 pages.

Race of the Swift (The). By Edwin Carlisle Litsey. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 151 pages. $1.25.

Rational Living. By Henry Churchill King. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 271 pages. $1.25.

The golden rule of the Stoic philosophy, "Live according to nature," has received both emphasis and illumination from modern psychology. Its researches have more accurately interpreted human nature, and so have more clearly shown the way to live according to it. President King has done what greatly needed to be done, especially for those unfamiliar with these results, spread as they are through volumes of technical treatises. He has brought together the "four great emphases" of psychological study in popular form, and pointed out their direct practical bearing on the conduct of life. For the satisfaction of those who have not at hand the works of the masters in psychology, he quotes these freely, so that the reader may judge of the adequacy of the grounds on which are based the practical counsels which they suggest for rational living in respect to growth, character, happiness, and influence. In conclusion it is shown that "just these ideal conditions to which psychology leads us Christ declares to be actual." The peculiar merit of President King's work is that he has presented the fundamental facts of psychology, together with the practical counsels which they impose for a life in rational accord with our nature, more comprehensively and completely than any preceding writer.

Red Fox. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5½×8¼ in. 340 pages. $2.

Reserved for later notice.

Representative Men of the New Testament (The). By George Matheson, D.D. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 5×7½ in. 352 pages. $1.50, net.

Reform of Shaun (The). By Allen French. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 158 pages. $1.

Resurrection of Miss Cynthia (The). By Florence Morse Kingsley. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 321 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Rhymes of Little Boys. By Burges Johnson. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 101 pages. $1, net.

A collection of short poems about little boys from the standpoint of the little boy, and, with a few exceptions, addressed to little boys; an exceptionally successful attempt to get back into the boy's frame of mind and to see things from the boy's point of view; very successful, too, for the most part, in expression. The little book is quite unusual for these reasons; for most books of rhymes for children are really rhymes about children and contain old folks' thoughts put in young folks' language. There are some almost inimitable things in this little collection; and the whole breathes a spirit of boyhood in many of its happiest, most absurd and humorous moods. The introductory poems strike a note of tenderness and reverence of unusual purity and beauty.

Sanatoria for Consumptives. By F. Rufenacht Walters, M.D., M.R.C.P. (Third Edition.) Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6¼×10 in. 389 pages. $5, net.

A descriptive directory of sanatoria in various countries for the open-air treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis. The first fifteen chapters deal with general considerations in the treatment of the disease. The information has been carefully and intelligently compiled.

Shakespeare and Holy Scripture. By Thomas Carter. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 490 pages. $3, net.

Following the plays of Shakespeare in the probable order of their composition, Dr. Carter exhibits the extent to which Biblical ideas and phraseology appear in them. Citations from Shakespeare are from the text of the First Folio, published in 1623; citations from the Bible are from the Genevan Version (edition of 1598), the popular version of that time, and from the Genevan New Testament of 1557. "No writer," says Dr. Carter, "has assimilated the thoughts and reproduced the words of Holy Scripture more copiously." The allegation of antipathy to Puritanism, which is often made by Shakespearean critics, is pretty clearly shown to be ill founded. The Elizabethan Puritans were of a different type from the Cromwellian. "The English drama may be fairly said to have taken its rise among those who afterward became known as Puritans." Dr. Carter proves a parallelism between Shakespeare and the Bible abundantly sufficient for his purpose, and need not have overloaded his book with much that is conjectural and doubtful.

Social Secretary (The). By David Graham Phillips. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Minn. 5×8¼ in. 198 pages.

A young woman of an old Washington

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family, forced to earn her living, undertakes to put Senator Burke and his family into a prominent place in the best society of the capital. The secretary tells the story of her campaign in extracts from her diary. It is a strenuous struggle, involving the keeping of nine books, beginning with a ledger with four hundred accounts in it, showing "what we owe various people in the way of entertainment, what they've paid, and what they owe us," and ending with a book for press notices; it also involves unceasing labor for all the family as well as the secretary. If the way of a society leader anywhere is as hard as it is pictured here, the reader may well thank his stars if the society he moves in is not spelled with a capital S. The story is distinctly clever and humorous.

Spur to Smite (A). By G. B. Lancaster. Andrew Melrose, London. 5×8 in. 369 pages.

Squire Phin. By Holman F. Day. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 393 pages. $1.50.

Rarely have we met a more amusing group of village sages than those who sat in their tipped-back chairs on the porch of the store in Palermo, Maine. Their independence of spirit and courage, in the sudden encounter with the village prodigal, who returned triumphantly riding at the head of his own circus outfit, is a delicious bit of comedy in the hands of this writer. The hero, Squire Phin, is unique, and his good and powerful influence among his fellow-citizens, sacrificing as he does his own interests, is enlivened by bursts of the "Look temper," and sweetened by the quaintest humor. The language used by the group of philosophers as they tattle scandal, and comment upon the smallest detail of village happenings, is as characteristic and acute as the Devonshire dialect in the stories by Quiller-Couch.

Story of the Harp (The). By W. H. Grattan Flood. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¼ in. 207 pages. $1.25, net.

A volume in the Music Story series.

Sunday-School Hymnary (The). Edited by Carey Bonner. The Sunday-School Union, London, E.C. 5½×8½ in. 610 pages.

A bulky volume containing hymns and tunes good, bad, and indifferent.

That They All May Be One. By Amos R. Wells. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. $1, net.

A plea for Christian unity containing many epigrammatic sentences. It is not as incoherent as its typographical form would indicate.

Thief in the Night (A): Further Adventures of A. J. Raffles, Cricketer and Cracksman. By E. W. Hornung. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 372 pages. $1.50.

This volume contains the third series of adventures of Raffles, the amateur cracksman, and his faithful but uninteresting companion and foil, Bunny. Readers of the previous volumes will know what to expect; those unacquainted with the cracksman will find admirably written stories retailing the exploits of a gentleman burglar of the most marvelous skill and finesse, and an unusually winning personality. He is the Sherlock Holmes of crime.

Travelling Thirds (The). By Gertrude Atherton. Harper & Bros., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 295 pages. $1.25.

This puzzling title simply refers to the fact that the Moultons went third class through Spain. How they became involved in romantic entanglements on account of this economic measure is described by the author in her characteristic style. The young woman who declares her independence of conventional rules succeeds in her matrimonial venture, but does not impress the reader as extraordinary in any way.

United States a Christian Nation (The). By David J. Brewer. (Haverford Library Lectures.) The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia. 5×8 in. 98 pages. $1.

Christianity was a primary cause of the first white settlements in America. Our colonial charters and constitutions recognize it as a controlling factor. It has since been so recognized in Supreme Court and State Court decisions, in the State Constitutions, and in State legislation. In this sense we are a Christian nation; of course, not in the sense that Christianity is the established religion or that the people are in any way required to support it. In clear and compact phrase Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, describes for us the history of the founding of the country as a Christian Nation, and discusses our duty as American and Christian citizens, and the promise of the future. The three chapters of this volume are three lectures delivered at Haverford College. We are glad that they now command a wider audience.

Universal Elements of the Christian Religion (The). By Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., LL.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 309 pages. $1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Ways of Nature. By John Burroughs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 280 pages. $1.10.

Reserved for later notice.

Widow O'Callaghan's Boys (The). By Gulielma Zollinger. Illustrated. Holiday Edition. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5½×8 in. 318 pages.

Young Man and the World (The). By Albert J. Beveridge. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4¾×7¾ in. 404 pages.

Senator Beveridge is a young man who has succeeded in his undertakings; hence his advice to others is interesting, coming as it does from experience and not from theory or hearsay. The writer's terse, vigorous style is well suited to his text.

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